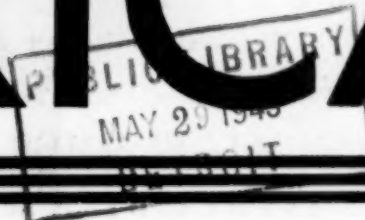


AMERICA



ECONOMICS OF SODALISM: ORDER AND LIBERTY

Bernard W. Dempsey

WHAT MAKES MINERS GROW GRAY

H. C. McGinnis

FREE TRADE AND WORLD PEACE

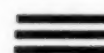
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TWO YEARS WITH NCCS

Paul Dearing

CAN SOLDIERS BE MARTYRS?

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**COMMENT
ON THE WEEK:**

**BLACK SHEEP
RETURNS**

**WALLACE ON
THE AMERICAS**

**WAR ON
TWO FRONTS**

**NEW CHAIRMAN
OF FEPC**

**NOBLESSE
OBLIGE**

**AWFUL
SCANDAL?**



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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MAY 29, 1943

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CORRESPONDENCE PARADE

WHO'S WHO

WHAT'S in a name? REV. BERNARD W. DEMPSEY, S.J., examines the economic and political effects of the systems currently called Liberalism, Socialism, Communism, etc.; and proposes a new name, covering a time-tested system which represents the proper and natural relationships in the economic, social and political order. Father Dempsey, author of *Interest and Usury*, has a Doctorate from Harvard and teaches in the Department of Economics at Saint Louis University. . . . H. C. MCGINNIS continues his exposition of the hazards of a coal-miner's life, begun in the issue of May 15. . . . PAUL DEARING brings to his work as Assistant Public Relations Director for the National Catholic Community Service, years of experience in the newspaper field and Catholic organizational activity. Here he tells of the spiritual and recreational services the NCCS is extending to the armed forces. . . . RAYMOND C. JANCAUSKIS, S.J., finds a few holes in the international-trade articles of the Rev. Thomas Divine and Walter Froehlich (*AMERICA*, April 10 and May 8) through which, he feels, a smart enemy propagandist could pour some poison. So he proceeds to plug the gaps. Mr. Jancauskis is a theological student at West Baden College, Ind. . . . REV. J. JOSEPH BLUETT, S.J., has a Decoration Day message for all concerned about the fate of loved ones in the armed services. Father Bluett is Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Woodstock College, Maryland, and has a degree from the Gregorian University in Rome. . . . JOSEPH DEVER, recently graduated from Boston College, is now serving in the armed forces. His impressions of a soldier's last night of leave sheds an atmosphere familiar to many of us.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Black Sheep Returns. With his hat in his hand, John L. Lewis has asked the American Federation of Labor to take 600,000 United Mine Workers back into the fold. Expelled by the A. F. of L. in 1938 over the issue of industrial as opposed to craft unionism, Mr. Lewis became the head of a rival organization, the C.I.O., which destroyed the unity of American labor and created problems that greatly overshadowed the original cause of the dispute. A subsequent quarrel within the C.I.O. left Mr. Lewis a lone wolf in the labor movement, repudiated alike by the parent Federation and its lusty offspring. Since the open break last year with Philip Murray, who succeeded him as President of the C.I.O., there have been persistent rumors that Mr. Lewis was negotiating peace with powerful A. F. of L. officials, notably W. L. Hutcheson, head of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters; but even in labor circles these stories were not greatly credited. The gap between Mr. Lewis and the A. F. of L. was thought to be too wide to be bridged. But that was before the enigmatic Chief of the Miners challenged the United States Government to a showdown fight over its war-labor policy and found himself, despite a confident front, isolated and sorely pressed. While need for support seems to be the most logical explanation of Mr. Lewis' appeal to the A. F. of L., it may not be the true one. Mr. Hutcheson, it should not be forgotten, happens to be Chairman of the Republican National Committee's labor division, and 1944 is a Presidential election year. Meanwhile there is a war going on, and the A. F. of L. executive committee, as it acts on Mr. Lewis's application "in an orderly and sympathetic way," might remind him that all affiliates are solemnly committed not to strike for the duration.

Wallace on the Americas. "I Am An American Day" brought a mammoth crowd of over one million to Central Park in New York. Speaking to them over the public-address system, Vice President Wallace delivered a new kind of American oration. "American" today is the name of all who live in America, he said. Our brother-Americans, children of this New World, join with us wherever they be, in Latin or Anglo-Saxon America, to renew our pledge of belief in and devotion to our countries whose birthright is liberty and whose destiny is the establishment of the four great freedoms. Men and women of Latin America share with us in the determination to win this war. They are working as we are to provide the sinews of war and to preserve the democratic way of life. Toward them we must show more than gratitude for their assistance. Justice and charity demand that we assist them as brothers in their own difficulties. Their war production has brought them many hardships,

especially to their laboring classes. Inflation, the fixed prices of our imports from their industry, the use made of their grievances by Leftist politicians, have driven them in some places, such as Bolivia and Chile, to distraction. Ours is the task to read their story, to understand their trials, to help as good neighbors in making the name of America ring true.

War on Two Fronts. Mopping-up operations were triumphantly completed in Tunisia. It had been a brilliant, overwhelming victory, but costly, too. In the historic soil of North Africa were many fresh graves, some of them American. In the sky over Europe, our airmen, amid clouds of flak and enemy fighters, sought to soften the Continent for eventual conquest. On Attu Island, while the Navy's guns roared overhead, the Army fought the fog and the Japs to plant the Stars and Strips on violated American soil. The battle raged, too, on the home front. Wholesalers and retailers began a campaign to nullify the recent OPA order setting new price ceilings. The National Association of Real Estate Boards appeared before a Congressional Committee to protest the "freeze" on rents. John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, continued to defy the War Labor Board, placing his own prestige above the welfare of the nation. The "black market" still flourished, and the press carried daily reports of prosecutions for violation of price ceilings. The House of Representatives denied funds to the Farm Security Administration, one of the most necessary and humane of all Government agencies, but the very same day, by an embarrassing coincidence, a Senate committee reported out a bill designed to benefit, at the country's expense, the commercial cotton plantations of the South. And so, as the war progressed, it became increasingly clear that large and powerful groups among us were not yet willing to abandon peace-time objectives. The fighting in Europe, in Alaska, in the Southwest Pacific must not be permitted to interfere too much with sectional and class struggle at home!

New Chairman of FEPC. Nothing that has happened since the outset of the war has so dismayed the Negroes of the United States as the cancellation, on January 11, of the hearings which had been set for the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practices (FEPC), upon the case of discriminations practised against over 2,000 Negro railroad firemen. A conference held in Washington, on January 19, of the leaders of twenty or more organizations deplored the cancellation—which was accompanied by resignations from the committee—and urged that the FEPC be restored to an independent status, that the hearings be re-

scheduled, and the committee provided with adequate sanctions and funds. On February 3, President Roosevelt, in a White House statement, said that he considered it advisable "to review the situation," and gave hope that, when proper machinery had been established, the hearings in the railroad case and others of like nature would be resumed. The difficulty of finding anyone with courage and judgment suitable for the chairmanship has held up the restoration of the FEPC. Appointment, announced on May 20, of the Right Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Haas, of the Catholic University of America, to the chairmanship of the Committee, raises new hopes. Monsignor Haas' record of firmness and competence in adjudicating matters of social justice, and his familiarity with this particular situation, are a guarantee that the FEPC will now do the work it was originally created for.

Noblesse Oblige. Freda Kirchwey, Editor of the *Nation*, Bruce Bliven, Editor of the *New Republic*, Max Lerner and the Editors of *PM*, Professor Salvemini and the whole tribe of Latin anti-clericals, all ye who view with alarm the beneficent influence of the Catholic Church on the post-war world, stop and harken to one Blair Bolles, Stockholm correspondent of the North American Newspaper Alliance, who, under a May 16 dateline, writes as follows from Sweden:

The German people remain disciplined, and the grumbling that is common—especially against the Nazi Party members—seldom expands to the sort of riotous restlessness that incited six Munich students recently to a display of dissatisfaction for which they were beheaded. Actually the internal decline of Germany seems fairly far away. . . . The only possible rallying point for ultimate rebellion inside Germany is seen as the Catholic Church, which remains strong. The beheaded Munich students were Catholics.

In the secrecy of your hearts, as you read that, don't you all feel that your clever talk of "clerical Fascism" and your petty attack on the Church is pretty silly? Don't you think that you owe it to the whole country, to the Church you persistently defame, and most of all to yourselves, to weep a Leftist tear or two over those six boys (and the Church which nurtured them) who paid with their lives for the liberty which you, with your *pens*, so loudly and valiantly defend? Or, perhaps, *noblesse n'oblige pas?*

Father of the American Language. Authors of modern best-sellers may well turn an envious eye on Noah Webster, the centenary of whose death occurred on May 28. His Spelling Book sold some 20,000,000 copies during his lifetime; and by the end of the nineteenth century the sales were well past the 50,000,000 mark. Probably no other one man had so great an influence on the development of the English language in our country. Generation after generation of Americans learned to read and spell from Noah Webster. To this day, his Dictionary—the fruit of thirty-six years of composition and revision—remains one of the standard criteria of what is good American. Webster's was no clois-

tered erudition. He served in the militia against General Burgoyne; he wrote in favor of the Bill to pay the Continental soldiers; he drew up and presented to Washington, in 1785, proposals for the reform of the Articles of Confederation; he was a newspaper editor, lawyer, and superintendent of an Academy. One of his biographers informs us that he wrote on topics so diverse as banking, the rights of neutrals, diseases and climate. Truly a great American.

Our Neighbors Awake. We are always happy when we see neighboring nations enjoying what we ourselves consider "certain inalienable rights." Among these rights is the right to see our children educated without being forced to become little Socialists. Mexico has had, since 1917, the notorious Article III of its Constitution, enforcing Socialist education in the schools where young Mexicans are brought up. The great Mexico City daily, *Excelsior*, now launches a public movement designed to rewrite that Article and "strike from it the uncertain provision which gives rise to controversy." The editorial continues:

The Constitutional principle from which every school law in Mexico derives its authority is sectarian, absurd and demagogic; and subject to any interpretation that satisfies the prevalent political whim, and is adaptable to the way of thinking accepted at any time or by any President. . . . Even the word "Socialism" in Article III cannot be defined. No one can say whether it means Utopia with its sweet legend of humanity and poetry, or that explosive classless economic system which would reduce everybody to the proletarian class as advocated by Marx and Stalin.

A new political party, called the *Partido Nacional Avila Camachista* (though not backed by the President) is out with a platform to change Article III, and also to permit religious societies to own property and to incorporate like all other societies. The whole idea is distinctly American.

Awful Scandal? Charges made before Congressional Committees have a way of roaring in like a lion and bowing out like the gentlest little lamb you ever saw. It will not do, therefore, to become too gravely concerned over the sensational accusations directed last week by Representative Jensen, of Iowa, at certain persons and corporations unknown. The whole affair may, like a summer squall, blow over as suddenly as it arose, leaving the scandal-hungry public none the wiser and the culprits, if such they be, free to continue whatever it is they are up to. In this case, according to the Gentleman from Iowa, they are up to plenty—all of it bad. Interrupting Secretary Ickes, who was decently asking a House Appropriations subcommittee for funds to keep the Interior Department solvent, Mr. Jensen charged that certain persons having large investments in foreign metal mines had blocked the payment of Government funds to private companies for the development of strategic materials in Arizona and New Mexico. "There is some great power," said the Congressman, "stopping Jesse Jones from letting these companies have this

money. . . . It has been proven that the metal is there, by Government geologists and metallurgists, but yet something is stopping them and they have been stopped for the last two years or more." To which Mr. Ickes made reply: "I know that." Well, if Mr. Ickes knows that, and if Representative Jensen knows that, why doesn't the Department of Justice know it, also? That is exactly the question, dear reader, we are asking ourselves, too. Maybe Messrs. Ickes and Jensen know the answer.

Long-Distance Baptism. In the minds of Catholics, a genuine regret is raised by an item carried in Religious News Service for May 19. A Baptism by long-distance telephone was performed by the Methodist Bishop Herbert Welch, of New York City. The child was held by her parents near the telephone on the West Coast. While the eighty-year-old Bishop, an old friend of the family, pronounced the words of Baptism, "the child's father, acting in the Bishop's behalf, dipped his hand in the water of the font and performed the Baptism." In the teaching of the Catholic Church, and of the majority of the more orthodox Protestant theologians, such a Baptism is plainly invalid. (It is reported that the Baptism of the Prince of Wales, the future King Edward VII, was repeated in later years because of just such a divided ceremony.) Our genuine regret is just this: as orthodox Christian believers we are deeply saddened by anything which tends to invalidate the Baptism of our separated Christian brethren. Even if we differ from them in belief, we cherish the thought that we are still one with them as members of the entire community of baptized persons. Where there is Baptism, there is grace; where grace, there is still hope of reunion. We pray that the well-meaning, but mistaken, act of the Methodist Bishop will not be imitated.

More Progressive Education. So recently as not to be forgotten even by short-memored journalists, the National Education Association campaigned for a new bill of Federal subsidy to State schools and teachers. The vigorous *Journal* of the Association and its vitriolic editor, Mr. Morgan, insisted that no private schools share in the winnings. At the time, the move was scored in these columns as a political raid, and it received proper castigation in many effective quarters. The same dauntless Association is now circulating a small textbook entitled *My Part in the War*, for the enlightenment of high-school pupils and their parents. Signs of a "good" student are his "right attitudes" on several controversial Congressional issues. He must consult an appended bibliography of newspapers and radio programs, all of which invariably support one agreed side of these policies. This is not education, progressive or otherwise. It is political action, and action by a group which has its own axes to grind—the Association whose leaders want both plums and control, and who are using our students as coin in the market. The point is not the good or evil in the issues noted, but in the making of political capital out of a position of educational trust.

UNDERSCORINGS

HIS Holiness Pope Pius XII has expressed "deep gratitude" to the Bishops, priests and laity of the United States for the generous aid they have given him in bringing help to war sufferers in many countries throughout the world.

► N. C. W. C. *News Service* reports a German-language broadcast from Vatican Radio, telling the German people that the coming peace for Europe and the world must give to every man "his freedom and personality, his rights and religion" . . . "but not peace at any price."

► The Nazi administration in western Poland has issued orders to destroy all documents relating to the treatment of the Polish population, according to a Swedish daily. The dispatch continues: "The order is already in execution." This report may forecast events of great importance.

► India is celebrating the 400th anniversary of the coming of Saint Francis Xavier.

► Flowers poured down over Caracas in Venezuela, as the national Air Force took its part in the festivities of the National Catechetical Congress in the capital.

► According to *Religious News Service*, the Vatican Radio has broadcast an appeal by General François Thierry, noted French Protestant, to Catholics and Protestants in France, urging "unity of moral action between the Christian confessions" in the face of a "rising flood of atheism and anarchy." General Thierry writes in *Cité Nouvelle*, Jesuit periodical published near Lyons.

► Hero of an Atlantic transport sinking, the beloved Chaplain, Father John P. Washington of St. Stephen's Parish in Arlington, New Jersey, who generously gave his life-jacket to save a soldier's life rather than his own, will have a noble monument raised to his memory by his former parish.

► Bells rang for ten full minutes after Mass in all Catholic Churches of the Quebec Archdiocese, in jubilation over the great victory of the Allies in North Africa.

► "Beachheads Won For Christ" is a new pamphlet explaining the mission work of the Church in the Islands of the Philippines. Published by the Jesuit Philippine Bureau in New York, the booklet treats of the missions of all Catholic groups working in that field, establishing "a working plan for unbiased study and sincerely Catholic mobilization for this movement."

► After the convent of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary was bombed in Algiers—an act that took the lives of fifteen Sisters—American servicemen took up a collection to rebuild the convent.

► The current Book Fair in Mexico City contains an exhibit of the publishing house called the *Obra Nacional de la Buena Prensa*. This Catholic press in its eight years of work has issued 80,000,000 pieces of literature, including over 1,000,000 books and pamphlets and 8,000,000 copies of magazines.

► The good bomber "Coughin' Coffin" with its fuselage inscribed: "God bless the crew of this plane. I will say a prayer for your safe return," continues its bombing missions without accident.

THE NATION AT WAR

THE week ending May 18 has seen the end of the Tunisian campaign, and the beginning of another in the Aleutian Islands.

In Tunisia, the Axis High Command, after the loss of Bizerte and Tunis, apparently sent orders to resist to the last round of ammunition. Maybe the troops receiving this order were not enthused over it. They had no good plan for fighting on. No preparations had been made to defend the Cape Bon peninsula which remained to them. Due to lack of good leadership, and possibly to lack of food and ammunition, their defense was bad. British armored troops broke through and Axis resistance collapsed.

Farther south, a large body of troops, mainly Italian, had been holding the south front. These had not become demoralized, and they had ammunition. Now they found the British still attacking from the south; new British forces were coming from the north in their rear; French troops were to their west, and the sea was to the east. Surrounded, they surrendered. The last Axis units gave up on the morning of the 13th. It has been a great victory, much to the credit of the British General Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander.

Thus ends the African campaign, which started in June, 1940, almost three years ago. Italy had then just entered the war, and endeavored to oust the British from Egypt. Instead, Italy has been ousted from Africa, and the whole of that immense continent is now under British and American control. It affords an excellent base for an invasion of south Europe.

The British originally hoped to invade Europe through the Balkans, during the spring of 1942, whereas, a year later, an invasion has not yet started. The Axis gained an extra year to prepare, and has had two years since it seized the Balkans in 1941. During this period they pushed the Russians away from the Balkans by over 500 miles, and are holding them there. Still, the Axis position, with British, American and Russian armies all poised to attack, is precarious.

Russia has been attacking near Novorossiisk in Caucasia continuously for many weeks, but the Germans are still there. Last week they were attacking the Russians. Elsewhere in Russia, the daily announcement of that government that "nothing significant has occurred" is about right. It is uncertain when another offensive will start.

American troops have attacked Attu at the west end of the Aleutians. This is a very hilly island, cliffs rising straight out of the sea. It is one of the foggiest places in the world. Consequently little bombing occurs, for in the fog aviators cannot see where to bomb. Dispatches report that the Army and Navy cooperated to force landings at Massacre Bay on the southern shore and at Holtz Bay, the main Japanese position on the northern shore. The latter saw the harder fight. Both forces have now united and are driving together against the last Japanese position to the eastward, Chicagof Harbor.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

NOBODY, so far as this observer is able to make out at this writing, seems to be very clear in his mind as to the precise meaning of the John L. Lewis imbroglio or the way to get out of it. Is Mr. Lewis fighting a great Constitutional battle over the President's war powers? Is he, as his enemies say, merely venting his spite against the President personally? Is he only trying to maneuver the miners' case away from the War Labor Board, whose labor members belong to A.F. of L. and C.I.O. exclusively? All of these guesses are made in Washington from time to time.

It may be well to remember that we possess in the Government three agencies to handle labor disputes: the Conciliation Commission in the Department of Labor, the National Labor Relations Board, and the War Labor Board. A fourth party entered the scene when Secretary of the Interior Ickes, who is also Fuel Commissioner, was ordered by the President to seize the mines and keep them operating.

The Conciliation Commissioners have had their fling; the NLRB has been by-passed completely; Mr. Lewis will have nothing to do with the War Labor Board, but he is strangely lamb-like toward any suggestion from Mr. Ickes. It looks, then, as if the War Labor Board is the crux of the situation, and it probably is.

In reality, there are two broad issues involved, and legal minds in Washington are always arguing both of them. The first concerns the validity of the President's Executive Orders. The War Labor Board was set up by Executive Order 9017, which provides procedures "for adjusting and settling labor disputes which might interrupt work which contributes to the effective prosecution of the war." Hence it has no immediate legislative origin, like the NLRB. The Connally bill, passed by the Senate and now before the House, would remedy this in the case of the WLB, but Mr. Smith of Virginia got his itching hands on it, and it is being burdened with the old controversial features putting curbs on labor generally. This would merely make the confusion and unrest worse.

The other issue, which is broader than the question of Presidential orders without direct legislative warrant, concerns the whole matter of the administrative agency, which has executive powers, but also powers that are akin to the legislative and the judicial as well. A very large part of governmental work in peace and war activities is carried on by administrative agencies. They are obviously an anomaly, for if they represent the Congress they have no executive powers, if they represent the President they have no right to legislate, and in neither case have they the right to utter judicial decisions. Yet they do all three. Some of them were set up by Congress in peace time, many by the President in war. Political scientists hold that they are the shape of the future American government. All citizens should know to what an extent our Constitutional framework has been gradually changed.

WILFRID PARSONS

THE ECONOMICS OF SODALISM RECONCILE ORDER AND LIBERTY

BERNARD W. DEMPSEY

(Note: John Wesley is supposed to have interested himself in church music because "the devil had all the good tunes." Catholic social scientists can complain that in their field the devil has all the good words. Liberalism, Socialism, Communism, all could and should have sound and expressive meanings, but they don't. Ask almost any one in the world what his social outlook is and he can give a fair idea in a single word. But ask a person whose social thought is Christian and scholastic and he has no word to summarize his position except Corporative which is another fine word taken over by the enemy. Even Henry Pesch's term Solidarism, has been taken over by the Syndicalists. I make use of a new word—Sodalism—which is etymologically suitable and is sanctioned by the usage of the Social Encyclicals themselves.—B. W. D.)

ANY American in normal times is free to live in any part of the country that he thinks will best serve his personal development—socially, economically, physically, culturally. But wherever he goes, he must abide by the local laws; here his children must attend school till they are fourteen, there till they are sixteen. In one place he can buy a glass of beer on Sunday, in another he cannot. One State has an income tax, another has not. After a moderate period of residence, he will have a voice in the making of these local laws. Meantime, he need not be greatly concerned, since most things of real importance are protected by the Federal Constitution, which prevents the towns, counties and States from doing anything really outrageous. But within the broad Constitutional limits, the smaller units govern themselves; they handle their own problems in their own way and, in very many cases, problems can be handled only by those who know the local facts.

Any American, not married, is free to marry or not. Religious and civil law set certain restrictions. Child-wives are illegal, and more than one spouse at a time is not allowed. Even though the laws of some States make the status of successive mates obscure, the principle is present—within certain very broad limits, one may marry or not. And when two suitable persons have married and established a domestic society, that society is free to govern and administer its household and affairs in terms of its own intrinsic principle. Indeed, so completely is this principle its own that a breakdown in domestic society can scarcely be repaired from with-

out. Either it works on its own grounds, or it does not work.

Any American is free to join any religious fellowship that he finds satisfying. A church is a society and, barring the broadest possible limits set down by principles of natural law universally accepted in an historically Christian nation, the churches govern their internal affairs according to their own principle of a supernatural society. Attempts to govern from without ruin the society. A church which has become a department of State is indeed nothing but an opiate for the people.

In contrast to this nice combination of order and freedom is the fact that any American is not free to take up any work that he wishes. Even apart from ignorance or poverty, there are many obstacles. There are many commodities which one might wish to produce or believe that one was capable of producing efficiently that are wholly monopolized. For instance, I am denied access to resources in aluminum even though I may have invented a very cheap method of producing it and, because I am debarred, the community is debarred from the same resources except on the terms of those who control the monopoly. There are some industries that require an investment so enormous that no individual, however far removed from poverty, can enter them: railroading, for example, and motor-car production. Others, while not strictly monopolized, are so closely held and organized that entrance is practically impossible. A man of wealth may be able to buy a small low-grade iron mine, but it would be difficult to make much of an impression on the steel market. Other commodities, not properly monopolized at all, are strongly protected by custom. Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Ivory Soap, Spearmint Gum and Campbell's Soup are almost as completely removed from the threat of successful substitutes in their fields as the Statue of Liberty.

So much for the field of business enterprise. In the field of manual work, young men are effectively barred from entering many trades. Among established unions, the monopoly of a certain skill is maintained by interminable apprenticeships and by initiation fees so high as to constitute a diriment impediment. In young unions, monopoly is often maintained by racketeering and graft. In many cases, the community is denied efficient access to resources by shop rules designed to be a drag on production. In weak unions, where there is no mo-

nopoly to maintain, pay is poor, work irregular and the future of the trade uncertain. But wherever the union is strong enough to exclude the newcomer, the community is denied access to the personal resources he has to offer.

So far this is all very American—"a man's home is his castle," "town meeting," "States' Rights"—and all that. Americans traditionally fear Big Government and Big Politics just as much as they fear Big Business and Big Labor. Yet we are not very consistent about it. We take self-government for granted in three fields—civil, domestic and religious society; but we do not seem to regard home rule in economic life as normal. To govern is to direct something to its own proper end; to use something contrary to its own proper end is not government but abuse. If the State, being biggest, steps in and directs persons or families or the Church to its own purpose and not to each one's proper end, this is abnormal and an abuse. Every society exists for some purpose and is organized on some principle, natural or conventional, to achieve its end. All societies must serve the good of the concrete real persons who are members, and particular societies which serve man's special needs are each in their own order autonomous.

Our inconsistency arises from the fact that we long believed that economic life had no need to be governed. For a long time our great wealth kept the error from having too costly consequences; now, though, war and depression and inconsistencies elsewhere akin to ours are bringing it home. Our inconsistency, like so many modern mistakes, dates from the French Revolution and the intellectual aberrations preceding and following it. The lack of logic in our attitude toward government of different societies arises from two errors which are false taken singly, and incompatible even if one were true. These notions are: 1) that competition alone on an individual basis is an adequate regulator of economic life, that is, that economic society does not exist and therefore need not be governed; 2) that class conflict is inherent in economic life, that is, that economic society is impossible and therefore evidently cannot govern itself. The Liberals said and hoped that ungoverned self-interest would somehow produce maximum benefit; the Statists (red, black and brown) said that if class conflict is inherent, order can be restored only by having one society, civil society, engulf all the others and rule economic activity from without.

The development of Liberalism and its illegitimate offspring, Statism, out of the French Revolution and its concomitants caused people to forget and abandon another and older view which we shall call Sodalism. Sodalism maintains that economic activity is social, that the community of interests of those who live by the same trade is as real in its own order as the community of interests which makes possible civil, domestic and religious society. The reality of the economic sodality is attested by many impressive facts. Historically, the functional group appears in some form in all eras save those beguiled by the spirit of 1789. Saint Joseph probably sought the aid of a craft guild in Egypt; the

Greek, the Roman, the Byzantine and Moslem worlds all had a greater or less degree of self-governing economic society. Unfortunately, too many people think of guild organization as belonging exclusively to the Middle Ages in Europe. We find it not only in Christian society but in China and Japan.

The reality of Sodalism is evident, too, from an analysis of contemporary fact. All persons, owners, workers, managers, who live by the same trade are actually associated. They cooperate toward the same end, the production of a certain good or the performance of a certain service. They stand in a definite relationship to the rest of the community; in return for their product they receive claims on the products of all other similar groups in the community. This common bond is much more realistic than the fictitious schism between capital and labor which has been promoted by Liberalism and Marxism. Automobile labor and automobile capital have more in common than automobile capital and textile capital. Finally, the reality of Sodalism is attested by the myriad labor unions, trade associations, professional associations, chambers of commerce, all manifesting the urge toward economic society even in a social medium which denied its existence.

Honest men who face economic reality are coming constantly to this conclusion. The achievements, by bare-handed logic, of Walter Lippmann and Peter Drucker demonstrate that the economic sodality is there for those who will look and see. The economic sodality has not performed at the same level of efficiency at all times and places, for many different reasons. But the constancy of its reappearance, as well as the analysis which testifies to its reality, indicates that to ignore it is to be very inconsistent and to cultivate friction and ulcer and cancer in a social body that could be sound. If anarchy in the civil order and free love in the domestic order are universally regarded as inadequate regulative principles, why should competition, an analogous principle, prove adequate for the same persons in the economic realm?

The various *de facto* economic groups in the economic field are therefore societies with a problem of government. Like civil society (local, regional, national, international) domestic society, religious society, in each functional sodality, each economic community, the resultant functional order should govern itself in terms of its own principles and purpose with only broad outer limits set down to prevent action against the general welfare, just as towns do. Instead of this we have large areas of our economic resources set off as private hunting preserves, not *governed*, that is directed to their proper end, which is the common good, but *used* for private purposes. It is as though the citizens of California, deciding that it was a nice place, charged a \$50,000 admission fee. Or, as between capital and labor, it is as though husband and wife handled all of their own affairs without reference to the domestic society of which they are members, the welfare of which is their welfare.

As to the word, Sodalism, it has many advan-

tages. In general usage it has no awkward connotation whatever and can be made to convey any specific idea we wish. Yet it is a word that is good English usage. A group organized for a specific purpose was recently referred to by the magazine *Time* as an active little sodality; that is the fundamental meaning of the word, a group organized for a specific purpose. The Encyclical of Pius XI on the Social Order uses the word *sodalitium* for the organizations of owners and workers respectively which are to be combined into the order (*ordines*), using the word *order* in the same sense as we do in fraternal orders, the Catholic Order of Foresters. We have plenty of *sodalitia* in the trade associations and labor unions but they are not united into orders, even though the sodality of workers and the sodality of owners have the same common purpose, that of supplying the community with a good in return for which they receive claims for various other goods.

Since men do not differ in their economic life in a fashion other than in their civil, domestic and

religious lives, economics can never be left wholly without order. Liberalism, having suppressed the ancient sodalities and prevented the rise of new ones, had only the State as an agency of control. When economic problems arose, as they did mightily, Liberalism with verbose statements of principle to the contrary, made an undignified exit and left the stage to Statism, which does not govern economic society, but controls it from without for the State's own purposes. Liberalism offered liberty without order, which did not work; Statism offers order without liberty. The United States, in the course of the nineteenth century, accepted a view of economic society alien to its view of other societies and is now creating a crazy quilt of bureaus which seek to run economic society from the outside. Sodalism gives us order to maintain liberty and promote the general welfare and to make resources available to those who can best use them for the good of the community. Without it, the result of this war will leave us with a National Socialism to end all National Socialism.

WHY MINERS GROW GRAY

H. C. McGINNIS



EVERY second Spring the soft coal miners re-open the battle which has been going on for many years. A coal strike, particularly in times of great industrial activity, shows what an important part coal plays in our national economy; yet comparatively few Americans know enough about the miner and his problems to render an intelligent verdict concerning his regular attempts to better his working conditions. Sometimes a capitalistic press gives the idea that the miner already has the world by the ears and now wants it handed to him on a platter with a fence around it. Few things could be farther from the truth.

It is admitted that the miners' present working and living conditions are immeasurably better than in days gone by. Before the enactment of child-labor laws, it was not uncommon to see miners enter the mines accompanied by sons as young as twelve years old. These youngsters—torn from school to increase the family's monthly pittance—often started in as sprag-boys. Before the days of motors, as pit mules drew their strings of loaded or empty cars up and down the sharp grades inside mines, these boys thrust stout cudgels between wheel spokes to act as brakes when the necessity arose. This work was frequently characterized by long hours, niggardly pay and mangled hands. Before long, however, these youngsters were wielding picks and shovels alongside their fathers.

Tuberculosis was common among these adolescents sent into the earth's bowels to slave, just when they most needed fresh air and sunshine to accomplish a proper maturity. "Miner's con" and many other diseases arising from overwork and undernourishment vied with countless kinds of accidents in strewing mining communities with human wreckage, much of it not yet out of the 'teen age. Before the advent of workmen's compensation, such cases were charges upon private and public charity, the operators feeling not the least whit of concern.

But if such sights were parts of a rapidly dimming past, the mining camps or "patches" are not. Some of them are very current abscesses in the body social. Although there are many exceptions, the average patch is the most dismal, forlorn and forsaken place imaginable. Descriptions defy belief except by those who have actually seen samples. Within twenty to thirty miles of large flourishing cities like Pittsburgh, one can find mining communities—"company towns"—which carry one back a full century in civilization's progress. In some places the houses are nothing but unpainted shacks with straight up-and-down sidings, tar-paper roofs, no cellars, and few, if any, other improvements except electricity. Usually unsewered, these "towns" are turned by summer's hot weather into cesspools of baffling smells.

Although, in Pennsylvania at least, miners are not now compelled to live in company property, patches owned by operating mines rarely have vacancies. In normal times, when the mine-labor supply far exceeds the demand, it is not difficult for mine bosses to convince the employed miners that it well behooves them to stay in or move into company houses. A fairly recent Pennsylvania law, which prohibits the coercing of miners to live in company towns under pain of dismissal, was a decided victory in the miners' long struggle for justice. However, many patches continue to operate, but usually under improving conditions.

Although such places often number dwellings running well into the hundreds, the inhabitants have no village government. Very paternalistically, the operators perform, or fail to perform, the functions normally falling to village or borough governmental departments. In the not-too-distant days of the "coal and iron" police, the operators performed even police functions. In the considered judgment of many old-timers, the duties of such police were little different from the police functions of the Cossacks under Czarist Russia or Storm troopers under Hitler. In any event, their history forms interesting chapters in the miners' hard struggle for the rights which are considered as naturally due every American.

Another comparatively recent victory for the miners in the writer's district was the abolition of compulsory dealing at the "company store." Before this law's passage, many miners working for coal companies which operated company stores lived under a modern form of peonage. Frequently the prices charged were outrageous, yet many operators insisted that their miners deal there practically exclusively. Since store bills were deducted from paychecks, very often the miner received his statement, plus only a dollar or so in cash. Sometimes he received his statement, accompanied by a debit slip.

Since the miner was usually in debt to his employers, it was difficult for him to break loose from his employment. When a hard-fought-for wage increase was achieved, store prices went up accordingly, leaving the worker no better off than before. All he got out of it was the questionable pleasure of getting a larger statement of wages earned, even though he still wound up with a dollar cash—or perhaps another debit slip. While the blacklist was officially outlawed many years ago, the smart miner knew better than to try to get another mining job so long as he remained in debt to his employer for his living. Unrealized ambitions to get away from such conditions have pursued some families through three generations. Since many such stores handled clothing and household articles, very often the miner worked for little more than his existence, purchased at the highest prices humanly tolerable under a monopolistic capitalism. In the days of the compulsory company store, particularly in districts where the mines worked only a day or two a week, a visitor to a mine patch saw almost as much exposed anatomy on the hoof as one could expect to find in an African jungle.

While such conditions are not now existent in this district, they are cited to give merely a brief glimpse of some of the reasons which have caused incessant wrangles between employers and miners in the past. The last ten years have witnessed many changes in favor of the miner, many of them, long overdue, resulting from legislation rather than operators' concessions. If the miner shows a certain stubbornness in compromising wage-and-work questions, much of his attitude can be traced to bitterness deriving from past conditions, conditions which he ascribes to the operators' greediness.

How does the miner look upon his present wage scale? Does he consider it a fair pay? He does and he doesn't. This contradiction is due to many ands, ifs and buts. \$7 per day—the average pay—would be sufficient, so the average miner in the writer's district says, if living costs were at pre-war levels. This would be especially true if the miner were to continue to get six days a week, with time and a half for the sixth day, as is now being paid many places. But the present work week is a wartime measure and exceeds the work-time prevailing under normal conditions.

In peacetime, the miner has a boom year when he gets 250 days work. An excellent high average is 225 days, with the number sometimes dropping much lower. A working year of 200 days at \$7 means an annual wage of \$1,400 gross, from which many deductions are made. For the miner furnishes his own supplies and there are many other charges made against his earnings. A lean year of 150 days means an annual earning of only \$1,050 before deductions. Since living costs in mining districts are usually quite high, and many miners have large families, lean years see the miners going into debt. So, says the miner, \$7 a day isn't too bad when one works sufficient days a month to make a living—a matter usually entirely outside his control. Some day miners will be battling for a minimum annual wage. This would require many changes in the industry.

Seven dollars a day, further opine many miners, would be satisfactory if it covered seven hours work as the public generally assumes it does. But when he has to spend from fifty to sixty hours underground weekly in order to have the opportunity of gainfully working thirty-five hours when conditions permit, the miner feels that his hourly rate has been cut below all fairness. He feels this is especially true since a considerable portion of these excess hours is spent in performing on his own time what he considers company maintenance work—the setting of posts and the laying of track in his room. A reasonable rate for all portal-to-portal time in excess of the seven-hour working day would be much fairer. When a man works twelve hours to earn the \$7 due in seven hours, the wage rate is cut to 58c per hour, they argue, and further contend that 58c is too low for a skilled and hazardous occupation. Since other mining operations receive portal-to-portal pay, soft-coal miners do not see why they should be exceptions. Although a wartime emergency may not be the proper time to settle operator-miner squabbles, the miner feels

that the public should possess better information concerning the justice behind the adjustments for which he fights.

Increased pay to meet rising living costs and portal-to-portal pay are not the only things which worry miners. They know that, while working, they must make more than a living: they must lay up reserves for later years. It is the conservative judgment of intelligent lifetime residents of mining areas that the average working life of a miner is around twenty-five years. This means that a miner starting work at twenty may be finished at forty-five. Generally speaking, there are three reasons for this comparatively short working period: first, disability from accidents; second, disability from ill health; and third, the operators' general and ruthless practice of discarding older men in favor of younger ones.

Mining's accident hazards need no detailing, for the public is generally aware that it is a most hazardous occupation. It is said that very few miners go ten years without serious accidental injury. Cave-ins, falling slate, explosions, electrocution, and the many accidents which come from handling power-driven machinery are the most common. A thoughtful person feels deeply depressed as he watches the man-trip—that long string of motor-pulled cars filled with squatting miners—disappear into a mine's mouth. For there are bound to be days when its out-bound trip will be shy some of its in-bound passengers. Then there are pictures in the newspapers and much weeping or dry-eyed misery somewhere.

Health hazards are worse than accident ones. Impure, dust-filled air, constant dampness, various gases, water underfoot and dripping roofs, hard manual labor, and mine temperatures all serve to break health. "Miner's asthma," when the term is loosely used, covers everything from tuberculosis to various irritations of the throat and bronchial tubes which arise from "bug-dust"—microscopic coal dust—and minute rock particles. Coldness, water and general dampness lead to many kinds of rheumatic afflictions. Tugging and straining at mine cars over a long time often wears down a miner's strength. A loader with twenty-five years service is not usually in lusty health. When the breakdown finally comes, the miner is usually unfit for any kind of other work. Tinkering with a garden and a few chickens is very often the extent of his activity while coming down the home stretch.

The third reason naturally follows the first and second. Many operators, realizing what a quarter-century of mining does to a man physically, take advantage of the fact that mining is a badly overcrowded field, largely due to increasing mechanization of mines, and replace older workers by younger stock. Since realism tells the miner that, unless he is lucky, he must earn a lifetime's living within a comparatively few years, he has an understandable anxiety to get the most he can while the getting is good. For the end of his productive usefulness may find him with another quarter-century during which he and his wife must live on past accumulations or else seek charity.

TWO YEARS AFTER: NCCS TAKES STOCK

PAUL DEARING

TWO years of supplying social, recreational, spiritual and welfare needs of U. S. soldiers, sailors and marines, as well as of industrial war workers, has brought the National Catholic Community Service, youngest of the six USO agencies, a good distance along the road to maturity.

While the record shows that NCCS has had marked success in coping with problems of providing leisure-time activities and meeting the spiritual and material needs of the average Service man, the steady expansion of our armed forces makes the agency's problems of administration increasingly complex. Last year's 4,000,000 armed men is fast becoming this year's 9,000,000. Troops are moving abroad—out of the sphere in which NCCS is permitted to operate.

But scattered across the battlefields of the past—the No-Man's-Land of morale—are milestones of conquest for American democracy which NCCS has helped erect; there are new frontiers where the color line is non-existent, where discriminations based on color or creed are anathema.

This two-year saga is dimensional. One surface tells a story with charts, graphs and statistics. The other surface reveals a romance woven of individual reports, stories, incidents, so that nothing less than an anthology of human-interest vignettes could portray this part of the NCCS story.

There was the soldier who simply stared at the wall each day until, responding to an anxious club director's query, he replied he just wanted "a place to sit quietly and think things out" . . . the soldier, father of an infant he's never seen, whom NCCS obliged by borrowing a three-months' old baby for him to hold . . . the WAVE who shyly inquired of the club moderator "how a lapsed Catholic gets back into the Church" and twenty minutes later was making her first confession in eight years . . . the lonesome Chinese bombardier student at Houston, Texas, overcome with gratitude when the USO director introduced him to a charming young member of his own race . . . the sailor, self-termed "the toughest man in the navy" who spoke one night to an NCCS assistant about the "pointlessness of life anyway" and a month later was baptized by the Catholic chaplain. Any NCCS club director can tell a hundred such stories, drawing solely on his own personal experiences.

The Catholic agency's program of recreation and spiritual help aims at engendering deeper respect for our constitutional guarantees, a better understanding among Americans of diverse races and creeds, at an education in tolerance. Recreation preserves the personality and sustains the morale of the men and women who come within the scope

of NCCS service, but is a secondary aim, from the agency's—and the Church's—point of view. As far as discretion and good taste allow, NCCS's prime concern is dealing with the same problem which faces the Church; the job of safe-guarding the Service man's and war-worker's faith.

Thus recreation is more or less the means to an end. Recreational and educational facilities help steer regimented human nature safely between the Scylla and Charybdis of loneliness and monotony on the one hand, boredom and a general slackening of interest in life on the other. In this way, NCCS is the spearhead of the Church's war-time program among Service men, working to guard their faith in God and the inherent nobility of human nature, standing ever ready to assist the lapsed Catholic back to the Sacraments, to encourage in non-Catholics a steadfastness in religion.

When peace comes, NCCS believes it will have gained the respect of Catholic soldiers and sailors not only for recreation, food and personal services provided, but for the motivation behind it. Catholic Service men, for whom the NCCS developed pleasant leisure-time activities, may acknowledge that new interest and sustained spiritual vigor have better fitted them for responsibilities in a society in which President Roosevelt has promised "we shall seek, not vengeance, but the establishment of a world order in which the spirit of Christ will rule the hearts of men and nations."

Little publicized, the director-behind-the-scenes for each NCCS club's storehouse of spiritual ammunition is a Catholic priest who has been designated moderator of the club. No mere overseer for the distribution of religious articles, he is guide, advisor and friend of all whose need for counsel becomes known; and it is thus that he does most to strengthen the spiritual ideals and moral underpinnings that are the fibre of the Army's morale.

The Government itself indicated recognition of this responsibility when it designated the USO to administer to "the religious, spiritual, welfare and educational needs of the men and women in the armed forces and the defense industries of the United States. . . ."

Today the NCCS flag flies over 371 of the USO's 1,390 operations in forty-eight states, the District of Columbia and sixteen territories, possessions and off-shore bases. Based on the proportion of Catholics in the armed forces, that is a generous share of the responsibilities. Attendance at USO clubs and operations has been estimated in excess of 14,000,000 monthly, so that NCCS, operating one-fourth of the clubs, greets about 3,500,000 visitors a month—a lot of people to work for!

As for the future: the need for NCCS in England, Northern Ireland and elsewhere has been clearly stated by Francis P. Matthews, K. of C. Supreme Knight and chairman of NCCS's executive committee. Recently returned from a two months' air jaunt abroad, Matthews declared that the only way these services can adequately be rendered outside our hemisphere is through American personnel workers, qualified to negotiate with American military authorities in the various areas; workers "who

understand American standards and the wants and background of the American soldier."

In paying tribute to the excellent work of the Red Cross overseas, Matthews was careful to make it clear that the latter's services take into account only the "material needs" of our soldiers, affirming "there is a real need for the special services the NCCS can render, particularly in the spiritual field."

The problem—essentially a USO problem—harbors a number of serious obstacles. There is the difficulty of getting personnel and materials abroad, and of obtaining all-important priorities, to name only a few. Further complicating the situation, from the Church's point of view, is an acknowledged lack of facilities for the practice of religion among troops now in Great Britain, and a marked scarcity of Chaplains—problems with which the English clergy have had to cope since the war began. Nevertheless, the NCCS feels that some gesture must be made soon to indicate how desperately the Church wants to follow our boys across the seas, to be with them in hours of greater need than they ever experienced in the training camps, to let them know their Church is indeed the Mother they have been taught to believe she is.

FOREIGN TRADE AND WORLD PEACE

RAYMOND C. JANCAUSKIS



BY combining two articles on free trade that recently have appeared in *AMERICA*, some malicious foreign propaganda expert could easily arouse a tempest before which the Russo-Polish fiasco would be reduced to the status of a momentary rustle among last year's leaves. And this is the way he would go about it; he would quote first:

The peaceful exchange of goods and services between the inhabitants of different countries is to the advantage of all countries concerned. Such exchange plays an important role in making countries mutually dependent, and thus more amenable to peaceful international relations. This is the thesis of Father Thomas F. Divine, in *AMERICA*, April 10. (Walter Froehlich, *AMERICA*, May 8, 1943).

Then he would sum up some conclusions of Professor Froehlich, in the same article, something like this: The unhampered flow of capital investments has many more repercussions on world peace than appear at first glance. For one thing, it seems that the United States is going to be forced to turn to foreign investments on a large scale to keep employment at a high level after the war is over. Now, though "nobody will be forced to accept capital," there is a slight fear that there will be no flow of capital loans without "relatively free trade rela-

tions . . . a prerequisite of capital movements." And secondly, the whole peace program is endangered by the fact that "the risks and problems of lending will, in the future, be more dependent on political developments than on purely economic factors."

Then this scheming propagandist would set up his soap-box, or better still, purr into his microphone with an all-knowing voice and accents:

In all this international *laissez-faire*, it is very clear, especially if the flow of money is dependent in any significant degree on political factors, that the United States is destined to an independent and preponderant position in world trade. With its industry and manpower relatively unimpaired (as contrasted with England, Germany and Russia), the United States will solve its employment problems by selling abroad; and then, taking advantage of its creditor position, it will let the other nations suffer the brunt of monetary fluctuations.

In brief, dupes of holy democracy as taught by spineless Rousseau, peaceful exchange is conducive to peace because it makes everyone mutually dependent on the United States. Remember—when Father Divine wants to remove "the barriers to trade which have made easy the rise of tyrants to national power and have put into their hands the instruments of national conquest," he presumes that there will never be any tyranny or imperialistic sentiment in the United States. O impeccable land! And remember, when dear capitalistic United States quakes with fear at the threat of German industrial supremacy on the continent after the war, it is at the same time planning industrial supremacy throughout the whole globe. Gentlemen, list to the call and message of democracy!

But these are only superficially valid conclusions. They are built up from a careless analysis of the thought of leading Catholic economists. And in their cogency lies their weakness. For this cogency is entirely due to the fact that the flow of money is merely a disguised flow of goods. If, as Father Divine says, the contribution of free trade to the peace of the world "hardly needs demonstration," then the flow of foreign investment, i.e. self-liquidating capital goods, indubitably contributes to the world peace. But if Professor Froehlich devotes a whole article to difficulties arising from the flow of capital investments, it should be clear that Father Divine does not proclaim *any kind* of free trade.

The objections arise because free trade is understood as a policy of *laissez-faire*; but everyone knows that no Catholic would even think of sanctioning *laissez-faire* between nations. We are too tired of following out its damnable fruits within nations to be optimistic of its beneficence in the international sphere. Furthermore, we may be sure that one who writes on free trade is not ignorant of the attitude of the Secretary of State in this matter. Now, in a recent statement to the House Ways and Means Committee (April 12), Cordell Hull again repudiated *laissez-faire* by saying that "international trade cannot be a one-way affair." Nor does the Secretary in the same speech envisage a complete annihilation of tariffs, regulations and economic institutions affecting trade of the various countries. But he says:

What the trade-agreements program proposes is that this complex system of trade regulations, both our own and that of others, shall be administered

and guided, as far as our influence extends, not in the direction of regimentation and scarcity, but in the direction of increased production, better distribution, and more abundant consumption.

Once this reasonable and just goal is stated, it immediately follows that the United States in no way intends the economic subjugation of any country. It recognizes that just as private property assures man of a livelihood free from incertitude and befitting his dignity, in the very same way a certain amount of independence befits every nation in order that, by means of a reasonably balanced economy, all its natural resources may be brought into use and its citizens enjoy a wholesome variety of vocations, but most of all that the nation may be free from the arbitrary decisions of superior industrial powers.

If this is the goal of our government in its policy of "freer trade," then the charge of industrial domination in the post-war world is a fiction. And if there is no industrial domination, there can be no monetary domination in the ordinary course of affairs. The whole line of objection collapses. And it collapses precisely because the United States' policy does not end logically in a monopoly on self-sufficiency.

If this point of view is not understood, it would be easy to twist to a self-contradiction Professor Froehlich's statement about the curbing of monopoly-exploitation in debtor countries. He says that "the problem is somewhat easier if the monopoly sells mainly abroad (like tin and rubber); then the debtor country often prefers to share in the monopoly profits." What a way to prevent exploitation: give the politicians a cut! There is no way around it. It is a self-contradiction—unless we recognize that the United States in no way sanctions this regrettable dependence on another nation which opens up opportunities to low graft of this kind. It is not our policy to approve the practice whereby many South American governments were kept in power by foreign industrial interests.

The greatest sources of friction between creditor and debtor nations are precisely those political influences on which, as Professor Froehlich asserts, future problems of lending will be more dependent. I would rather say that they are not only to be feared in the future, but are to be contemplated as to their effects in the present. If we do this, we would not say that nobody has been, or ever will be, *forced* to accept self-liquidating capital. But there is real reason to resist foreign capital which the natives can never call their own. Such capital will always have to be forced on others, unless it is established stealthily. And the reasons are not far to seek; for *Quadragesimo Anno* tells us:

. . . then only will the economic and social organism be soundly established and attain its end, when it secures for all and each those goods which the wealth and resources of nature, technical achievement, and the social organization of economic affairs can give.

But it is obvious that technical achievement is neither soundly established nor secured for all and each if it is irretrievably in the hands of foreigners.

Natural fields of investment, such as Latin

America, China, India and Russia may very reasonably resist such investments. This is particularly true of Latin America, which is still wondering why we leased all those military bases for ninety-nine years, and not merely for the duration of the war. They wonder, too, if there will be anything left in the mines and oil-fields when the Americans finally sell their capital investments to the natives.

The only way to avoid these frictions, therefore, is to keep in mind Cordell Hull's statement that international trade cannot be a one-way affair; otherwise, "free trade" will become another silly shibboleth—packed with dynamite for a selfish world.

OUR SOLDIER DEAD: ARE THEY MARTYRS?

J. JOSEPH BLUETT, S.J.



"I FEEL that if Dick dies in this war, he will be truly a martyr and go straight to heaven. There's much comfort in that. The rest is in God's hands."

The priest who made the remark had just received word that his brother had arrived, with his flying comrades, in a particularly dangerous theatre of war. I thought of the millions of other Americans for whom the present or the near future holds an anxiety similar to his—and of the many for whom that anxiety has already become the sad knowledge that some dear one will not return. Perhaps they, too, will find a greater strength and comfort—and a holy pride—in the thoughts which inspired that priest's words.

The certainty that a true martyr goes straight from death to heaven is as old as the Church herself. The red waters of martyrdom, the Church has always taught, are as utterly cleansing as the Sacramental waters of Baptism. They wash away not only the whole guilt of sin but also all of sin's debt of punishment, temporal as well as eternal. There can, therefore, be no Purgatory for one who is truly a martyr; the flight of his soul is straight to the side of God in Heaven. This is why the Church, even from the days before the catacombs, has never prayed for a martyred Agnes or Cecilia or Sebastian. "For all our other dead," as St. Augustine wrote, "we pray: but for our martyrs, as the faithful know, we do not pray but give them at once the honors of the altar of God." Pope Innocent III warned that "to pray for a martyr would be a reflection upon the glory of his martyrdom."

This refers, of course, only to those who are martyrs in the true and age-old sense of that glorious word, for it is only these whose souls are made resplendent with the Baptismal effects of real

martyrdom and who will wear through all eternity what the Church describes as "the martyr's crown."

A martyr, in this true and full meaning of the word, is one who willingly makes the sacrifice of his life in testimony to the truth of Christianity and in defense of Christianity against those who would oppress it. Scholars have written great books on the wealth of meaning which those words imply. But three things emerge as the essential meaning of true martyrdom. It must be death for Christ, at the hands of the enemies of Christ, willingly endured for the love of Christ. Such brief, simple words, yet they describe the zenith of a human heart's love and all around them the air is holy with our Saviour's words: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

Now the man who gave back his soul to God in the swamps of Guadalcanal or in the Tunisian hills or on some battle-swept ocean—can these things all be said of him? Remembering that only the Church herself can say with definitive authority who are martyrs, it would seem nevertheless that they can. And if they can, then that man is a true martyr and those who love him can have, in their sorrow, the deep comfort of knowing that his soul is immediately with God in eternal happiness.

No less a theologian than St. Thomas Aquinas teaches—and other eminent theologians agree—that a soldier's death in battle can be truly called a martyrdom. Some theologians, it is true, have disagreed; but the weight of all the best arguments seems to be against them.

By itself, death for one's country is not enough to make one a true martyr. The martyr must die not merely for some created thing but for a Divine cause—for Christ. But who would say that the Catholic soldier or sailor dies for the love of his country only, and not for the love of Christ as well? Is not his love of country founded on his very love of Christ? He has made himself a loyal citizen, even to the giving of his life, precisely because it was Christ's will that he should be a good citizen and fight for his country in its day of peril. Over the altar of such a soldier's sacrifice there shines not only the bright star of his love of country but the brighter star of a love which said: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." He dies for a *Christian* patriotism; and death for any Christian virtue is truly death for Christ.

Death for one's country [Saint Thomas writes] when it remains unrelated to Christ, does not win the crown of martyrdom. But death for the fatherland, when it is related to Christ, will merit the crown and make one a martyr. This is the case when a soldier dies in defending his country against an enemy who is endeavoring to corrupt the Faith of Christ.

This recalls the second requirement for martyrdom. The martyr must die at the hands of Christ's enemies. Like the holy Mass, martyrdom is a continuation through the centuries of Calvary's own tragedy and glory. The blow which strikes down the martyr must be aimed at Christ Himself, or the things for which He stands. This is why Saint Thomas cannot call every soldier who dies in war a

martyr. To be truly a martyr, he must make the supreme sacrifice against an enemy who has moved against Christ and Christianity.

That the Axis, in this war, is attacking Christianity is not something to be said lightly. A great number of their soldiers, perhaps even the vast majority, are inspired by no such heinous motive. The present war, as has so often been made clear in Papal utterances, is the expression of a profound social and economic disorder which cuts across all lines of Christianity and modern paganism. To paint it as merely a struggle between the white of Christ and the black of Antichrist would be sheer nonsense and worse. It would be as stupid as it would be dangerous to shut our eyes to the powerful anti-Christian forces at work within our own ranks.

Yet, even though non-Christian and anti-Christian groups have identified their causes with our own, and even though we must acknowledge our own share of the economic injustices which did so much to precipitate this war, it would still seem that the Axis war is, among other things, a vicious attack upon Christianity. That the humble Axis soldier does not hate Christianity is irrelevant. Neither did the lions in the Roman amphitheater nor, for all we know, did the slaves who fired Nero's living torches. But Nero, who gave the orders, did; and so, if we are to believe every indication, does the Nazi oligarchy which rules the Axis war effort. Even the German Catholic Bishops, in their memorial of December 18, 1942 to the German government, protested that Nazi conduct in the occupied countries "can only be taken as the expression of a senseless hatred directed against everything Christian."

Lastly, the soldier-martyr must die willingly for Christ. If the soldier repudiates the idea of dying for Christ he cannot, of course, be a true martyr. It has been urged that a soldier forfeits the crown of martyrdom because he fights to defend himself from such a death. Theologians, however, have demonstrated the shallowness of this objection. Willingness to die for Christ is implicit in the normal Christian soldier's readiness to embark upon the dangerous task of war. If he is a Christian at all, this readiness includes an acceptance beforehand of whatever destiny God may send him. Once on the battlefield, his military action is the expression not of any cowardly fear of death but of his determination to fight on, as long as God wills, against the enemies of his home and his Faith.

This returns us to the thought with which we began. The theology of martyrdom and the circumstances of this war give us every reason to trust that our war dead will go straight from the battlefield to heaven, to be gathered into the glorious host of Christ's most chosen heroes. Only the Church can say the last, infallible word about martyrs. Therefore our prayers must continue to follow them beyond their heroic sacrifice. But our hearts can be at peace in our sorrow, and our love for them can rejoice with a holy pride like that which shone through Christian tears in the catacombs. This is, for hearts that love Christ, strength indeed.

MICKEY IN 1-A

CARTOON: the burly sergeant towering over the all-thumbs rookie lost in the jig-saw of assembling his machine-gun. Smirks the sergeant: "And how did cute little Mickey Mouse do it in the training film?"

It has always seemed to me that our entertainment lost lots of its freshness and charm when Mickey was drafted. Somehow or other, I think we are making the same mistake in putting Mickey in battle garb as the Duce made in trying to make warriors out of his people.

However that may be, there is a danger these days that we will lose sight of the real purposes of entertainment. A high official in the film industry recently read the Riot Act to his fellows, telling them that they were being intimidated by appeasers who are not wholeheartedly behind the war, into not showing films treating the war. Now the reason for this is a simple one—the producers and operators are shying away from films dealing with the war, not because they are "appeasers," but simply because the people do not want war films in their entertainment. This has been proved by a nation-wide survey. And if the protesting official goes on to say that the people are appeasers and not behind the war, we know what answer to give him.

By all means, let us see documentary films of the war, such as the marvelously restrained *Desert Victory*. (Our own official releases can learn a lot from this film, by the way; above all, to avoid the sentimental back-homesy voices, which interject with a "Why, there's little Johnny Jones—my, how does he manage that huge plane? I remember when he used to steal my jam and cookies.") Well . . . documentary films are the things that show us, in action, what the protesting official wanted—information about what we are fighting for. But the documentary film ought to be there for those who want to see it.

For the others, the war ought not be forced on them with all the entertainment they attend. Here again, as in other fields, the charge is raised that to see a film or attend a play that does not deal with the war is to indulge in "escapism." Whatever that much-banded term may mean, it is certainly not synonymous with "relaxation." The man who has thought the war or worked the war all his laboring day, is certainly no "appeaser" when he wants to settle back in a theatre for a few hours and indulge in a little romance or laughter or music.

It is quite true that one great canon of art is still the Horatian *miscere utile dulci* (mingle the useful with the sweet). Information can be entertaining and entertainment informative, but the high official to the contrary notwithstanding, entertainment's first and primary function is still to entertain. The sooner Mickey gets back into civvies, the sooner and better will he be doing the job of keeping us sane during wartime. In that he will be a super-patriot, because it is going to take a sane people to win and survive to plan a peace. H. C. G.

PAPAL PEACE POLICIES

WHAT are we to think of the flock of rumors which have sprung up concerning peace proposals supposed to be emanating from the Vatican?

Nothing, obviously, can be said definitely to deny or definitely to confirm such rumors, so long as they remain within the limits of the possible. Certain guiding indications, however, can be called to mind that will preserve us from falling for rash conclusions. There need be no secret as to the part the Pope has apparently chosen for himself in his office as representative on earth of the Prince of Peace.

As a direct *intermediary for peace*, the office of the Holy Father will necessarily be limited by a great variety of circumstances; by persons, places and times. A nation like Italy, which is so closely associated with the Holy See by geography, by language and tradition, may doubtless be the first to call upon the Pope to use his good offices if or when they are needed. Obviously the Pope can use these good offices only where he is invited to do so; where, too, they can be exerted without incurring the suspicion of playing into the hands of nationalist or belligerent elements.

But the Pope, it is equally obvious, cannot from the very nature of things entertain proposals, even as an intermediary, which conflict with his office as a *planner for peace*, which jeopardize his position as a voice proclaiming those basic truths which alone can be the foundation of any lasting peace policy. As an intermediary, as head of a visible organization, his action is limited and tentative. But as a teacher, a planner for world peace, his message is universal; he addresses the whole human race, without reserve or qualification.

"To proclaim that for nobody is it lawful, on any plea whatever, to offend justice, belongs chiefly, beyond all question, to the Roman Pontiff," wrote Benedict XV (January 22, 1915). All the peace utterances of Pope Pius XII, including those last reported—which repudiated a "peace at any price" and insisted upon a "just peace"—have followed the same model.

The Pope, we can be sure, will be deeply interested in any proposals which will ensure the triumph of justice and the Four Freedoms; the victory of law over brute force, for all men everywhere, all nations and races and classes. He has repeatedly declared the points that he thinks mark the steps toward such a victory. If his own mediation can aid with such proposals, without involving him in the conflict, he will doubtless be glad generously to offer his services.

But amid all these speculations we can be absolutely sure that the Pope will have no interest in considering or mediating proposals, even if set forth by very worthy persons or very worthy nations, which do not measure up to the universal principles he has so emphatically declared. This simple truth is the soundest guide to the news reports.

LEST WE FORGET

DURING the years of peace, Decoration Day lost for us much of its freshness and meaning. We went through the forms of observance, to be sure, brought out the old guard of the G.A.R., had a parade, laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, perhaps even visited a veterans' hospital where, for broken men, every day is Memorial Day. But the cold fact is that, despite Kipling's concern, when the tumult and the shouting dies and the captains and kings depart, we do seem to forget.

This May thirtieth, however, will be deeply significant. Under a Washington dateline of May 17, the nation has learned that in seventeen months of war our armed forces have sustained casualties in excess of 80,000, exclusive of those who fell in the final, sanguinary month of the Tunisian push.

But what shall we commemorate? Primarily the valiant dead who "shall not grow old as we that are left grow old." And we might well emulate the valorous Machabeus in the Old Testament. After victory had crowned his banners, he buried his dead and "sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection." How better honor the dead than by praying for them or more especially having the Holy Sacrifice offered for them?

But in addition we must recall the high purpose for which they died—a purpose which, as Lincoln pointed out, it is the obligation of us the living to complete and perpetuate. We fought another vicious, primitive war which should have made this present conflict and all others unnecessary. But as Pius XI wrote, in 1922, "peace was indeed signed between the belligerents, but it was written in public documents, not in the hearts of men; the spirit of war reigns there still, bringing ever-increasing harm to society."

This time our victory must be permanent, our peace impregnable. The white rows of Flanders and Arlington yielded no harvest; the bloody sowing in the Pacific and Africa must not be frustrated. Articulate, educated, well-informed Christianity must take its place in world councils to establish the peace which the world cannot give.

OPEN DOOR TO CHINA

SCULPTORS in Congress are to be congratulated for the figurative Statue of Liberty they are carving out, to be erected at the Golden Gate on the West Coast. For sixty-one years, there has been no welcoming Statue there for the Chinese; now one is a-building, in the shape of a Bill, introduced by the Hon. Martin J. Kennedy, of New York, "to grant to the Chinese rights of entry to the United States and rights to citizenship."

Under this Bill, the Chinese, who have been specifically excluded ever since 1882, will be admitted under the quota system (their present quota is 100 a year), and those now resident in this country, but born in China, will be eligible for citizenship. That they will make industrious and loyal citizens, there is no doubt.

Thus another step is being taken in breaking down the sundering walls of discrimination; the walls of this Jericho must come tumbling down, in our relations at home and abroad, if we are to be a united nation among United Nations.

In our present glow of friendship and admiration for the Chinese, there is small fear that this Bill will not pass. But when our 8,000,000 or so troops start home, to be resettled and re-employed, there may well be a panicky return to discrimination, under the endemic fear we seem to have of the cheapening of American labor by Oriental competition.

But certainly, even if the Chinese quota were ten times as great, there is still room in the land for hard-working citizens, particularly in the rural areas. Moreover, although any State can set up immigration restrictions for the protection of its own interests, its policy in these matters must always conform itself to the higher needs of the common good of humanity. This Bill is motivated not only by regard for China, but also by a fine regard for brotherly cooperation.

Faced as we are by the large welcome given to Americans in China, which has been brought to our attention recently by speeches of Madame and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, praising the work of the missionaries, particularly the Catholic ones, it is certainly high time that we begin to exercise a little graciousness in return. Turn about is, after all, even among nations, fair play.

THE FOOD CONFERENCE

WITH delegates of forty-five nations in attendance, the importance of the United Nations Conference on Food and Agriculture now being held at Hot Springs, Va., can hardly be exaggerated.

This conference, said its permanent president, Judge Marvin Jones, in his initial address, has rightfully been referred to as a forerunner of other conferences which unquestionably will have a part in shaping the postwar world. As President Roosevelt noted, in his message to the conference, its members would "learn to work together"; and this lesson is a promise of future collaboration of the nations on postwar economic, political and social questions. It is the meeting of a group determined to succeed where some historic international gatherings of high purpose failed during the twenty-years armistice. At the same time, the memory of a multitude of international conferences of more modest scope, during the same period, remains as a guide to this present ambitious project.

The most hopeful prospect of the conference, at its beginning, appears to be the grasp shown by its chairman of the fundamental questions the conference has to resolve. In the international world, as in our domestic economy, shortage of food is bringing the politicians and statesmen back to the plain reality that man must have food in order to live. That food is a mighty weapon of war, is generally known, but seems to have been forgotten by the Federal Public Housing Authority, in taking over, for defense housing purposes, richly fertile truck farms in Stratford, Conn. But food is likewise a powerful weapon of peace.

In a few plain words, Judge Jones removes some misconceptions that surround the idea of a food surplus.

The facts of history reveal that in reality there has been no surplus of any edible commodity. If human wants had been satisfied, if human needs had been supplied, there would have been full use for all that has been produced and much more. . . .

What we have been pleased to call surpluses . . . are largely due to clogged channels of commerce arising from extreme trade barriers, upset economies and lack of purchasing power which prevents consumers from securing the things they should have to eat and to wear.

The conference will have succeeded, therefore, if it will "leave the peoples of the world freer and more able to produce and secure the things they need," if surplus products will be distributed. "It is recognized that these things look to a long-time program." In the meantime, some temporary devices may have to be used.

In a gathering preoccupied with material things, a materialist idea of progress was flatly ruled out. "It must be remembered," said the chairman, "that the radio, the airplane and other physical devices are not progress in themselves, but are the outward manifestations of progress. True progress is of the mind and heart. The same materials go into the sewing-machine that go into the machine-gun." The attitudes, the motives, are what count.

In his concluding paragraph, the chairman summed up the objectives of the conference in a fashion that corresponded closely to the demands of Pope Pius XII—e.g., in his radio address of Pentecost, 1941—for a world-distributed economy and the primary welfare of the individual family. The peoples of the world are to be better fed. "Rotting surpluses are to be translated into food for hungry mouths, into clothing." Destructive industrial products are to be turned "into channels of construction." "The producer on the family-size farming unit" will "plow his field without fear."

The philosophy herein outlined is one of wide distribution, of small units, of consideration for human families. It is not the philosophy of big business, international cartels, Socialist and Communist centralization, Nazi *Herrenvolk*. Starving millions will be greatly concerned to see how far the conference will actually sanction this philosophy; how far keep the obstructionists and economic egotists in check.

SUBSIDIZED PRESS

LIKE most small business enterprise, the rural and small-town press is suffering the harsh effects of total war. How many of these sturdy, independent dailies, tri-weeklies and weeklies have already surrendered to the bill collector, we do not know. We hope the number is small and that thousands of them are still valiantly meeting their deadlines. For these papers are a traditional and important part of our democratic life. As American as baseball or corn-on-the-cob, they fulfil a function which, with the spread of urbanization and the growth of newspaper chains and the metropolitan press, has become increasingly important. We depend on them to keep alive the self-reliance, the independence, the initiative which are a part of the American character, and which are today threatened by the concentration of economic power and the tyranny of fashion.

But much as we sympathize with the plight of these small papers, we are compelled to register a strong protest against an attempt now being made to assist them. Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, has introduced a bill which authorizes the United States Treasury to spend \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000 for newspaper space to advertise the sale of war bonds. The ominous possibilities of this legislation are so obvious that it is difficult to understand how some editors and publishers have come to support it. While technically this sale of advertising space to the Government would be a straight business transaction, practically it would constitute a very thinly disguised subsidy and a threat to the freedom of the press. For our part, we would prefer to see the small press temporarily disappear than to be subsidized in this way by the Government. While it would be hard to shut down the presses, it would also be honorable. And the same cannot be said for an existence bought at the price of accepting Federal money for what should be a spontaneous patriotic action.

THE GREAT PRAYER

AS the grip of war reaches closer into our lives, the mind of a Catholic who knows his Faith will turn more and more to "the Great Prayer," as the Sacrifice of the Mass is aptly called in a booklet recently issued by the Queen's Work Press in St. Louis (*The Great Prayer Now, in Time of War*).

The Mass is not only the prayer of Christ, it is Christ our Lord praying in person: offering the greatest of all prayers, that of the complete sacrifice of His own Body and Blood upon the Cross for the redemption and peace of the world.

How, then, can we take part in this Great Prayer? The Saviour does not wish to offer it alone, but insists that we shall all pray with Him, join our thoughts and actions to His, one with Him, and thereby one with another.

So in order that there should be no doubt as to what He wants, He explained at the Last Supper, as Saint John relates, just how we should act.

The Great Prayer, as we see by our Lord's words, is directed not to the Person of Christ, the God-Man, but to the Person of God the Father. The Saviour prayed habitually to His Father, He taught His disciples to pray to His Father, and He asks us to do the same. There is a prayer of worship and a prayer of asking. In the Gospel of Saint John He speaks of the prayer of asking, but the idea is the same for both. The prayer is first and foremost to the Father, and our own prayer derives its power, its validity, from the fact that it is united with the prayer of the Risen Christ.

The Saviour in the Great Prayer does not just carry our prayers to His Father: He identifies Himself so closely with us that we speak "in His Name," in His own person, and so can put in an almost Divine claim on our own behalf. "In that day you shall ask in my name; and I do not say to you that I shall ask the Father for you, for the Father himself loves you because you have loved me, and have believed that I came forth from God." (St. John, xvi, 26.)

This is a new procedure. "Hitherto, you have not asked anything in my name. Ask, and you shall receive, that your joy shall be full." And in the preceding sentence the Saviour promises that no prayer thus uttered shall go unanswered; though the answer may not always occur as we expect.

During the coming weeks the Church recalls the Saviour's urging that we pray "in His Name" for the Holy Spirit, as *the* great gift. We ask the Father, through the Son, for the gift of the Spirit of God.

When next you attend Mass, notice how every part—particularly where petition is expressed—conforms to this idea of our prayer-life as given us by Our Lord. (A quite natural exception is the celebrant's three prayers before Holy Communion.) If you have learned to live in the spirit of the Great Prayer during Mass, you will learn to live it during all your waking hours. If you have made the Great Prayer *your* prayer, you have mastered the secret of asking so that "your joy may be full."

LITERATURE AND ARTS

TROOPS IN THE BLACKOUT NIGHT

JOSEPH DEVER

THE troops by night will call you far, will call you far. You are a soldier walking with the woman that you love in and through the Boston blackout night. Soon you must join the other troops, your comrades; soon you will board a train with all your comrades and you will be borne away, away, over the hills of America and far away. At the stroke of eleven, the great distance devourer, which is your train, will run from Boston, will run off to distant wars, will run from the lady of your heart.

Thus the troops walk about Boston, ghostly in the blackout, softly with the women of their hearts.

They are the strew-and-straggle military of the Boston blackout night. In every place the troops: the privates, sailors, ensigns and lieutenants.

You, too, are a soldier, you see your comrades everywhere, you hear their voices and their laughter and you know that they are troops.

Across the Charles River, the troops, the river black and silent to the sea. Over the Longfellow Bridge and by the granite towers of that bridge, the troops, the laughter and the speech.

And there is Beacon Hill, the old mildewed hill of Boston, deep, darkly deep in its gathered and olden austerity. Even though it is called Beacon Hill, you have come to know it as "the Hill." And that is what it is to all who know and love it, "the Hill."

It is "the Hill," all its beckoning quaintness of streets, its old-worldian windings of brick fence, rickety stairs, its Parisian contour of roof, all these are for troops now, troops by night.

And lady I go far, oh lady I go far.

If you will stand with me here upon the hill, I will show you things. See there, the river, and the small lights shuttling in the distance. See how the river is truly the bottom of the Hill.

That is the great Charles River in whose tart embrace we wallowed, whose winds caressed us, whose lush, flanking greeneries were our ever wander land. You walked a short way to the river, it was always waiting for you and never failed you.

It was the place of the boy-yip, the scramble and the splash, the long indolent resting on its breast as you dreamed down towards the sea. It was the place of the great blinding sapphire of sun, and your defiance to its wilting rain of heat was hurled from the river's emerald depth and cool smother.

No, in the long swelter of summer day the river never played you false. You loved it well, but held your love lightly. And now that you were of the troops you could not run to it as of old. You saw it now in the minutes, just as the other soldiers saw their loved things of old Boston. They were the minutes before you took a train and fled out of the Boston blackout night.

"Lady, soon I go, soon I go."

And this is Louisburg Square. It is the symbol of the Beacon Hill that was, the Hill of Bulfinch architecture, of the Yankee mercantile magnates, of their Harvard, State Street and Textile Mill descendants. It is the symbol of the Lodges, Cabots and the Late George Apleys.

"There is our Louisburg Square," the Boston aristocrats might have said, "it is ours as this promontory of life is ours, and nothing can ever change it."

Yet today Louisburg Square is only an ugly, iron-fenced puppy run. Someday blue-print-crinkling men will come and survey it. They will chew battered cigars while their underlings run to them with precise angles, glass jars of earth, and irate letters from Beacon Hill spinsters who have no longer a *Boston Transcript* which will print their salvific rhetoric.

There on that dog patch, Louisburg Square, the modern money-fondlers, whose fathers and mothers were Irish, Polish and Italian refugees, will build a gaunt and towering garage. They will call it the Louisburg Square Garage, and many sleek, purring limousines will preen and glitter there.

However, it is still Louisburg Square, and it is famous because you can live just off it, or beside it or around the corner from it; one should not worry much if it becomes a garage.

But if you are a soldier, and if you do not live just off it, or beside it, or around the corner from it, if you love it because it is the Hill, the river and the Boston night, you will not think lightly of its passing.

You are going, soldier, you are going soon, soon-far soldier, soon-far.

For you must go away from the Hill, the river and the Boston night, and go from the woman of your heart.

Around the corner from Louisburg Square there

is a man. He is a man of books, intellect and God. He has careful antennae, a taste for palate-pleasing foods, olden richnesses upon his walls, and impeccable wools upon his back. And I will take you to him, lady, that you may delight your eyes and soul.

This man's name is Elihu Quicking and he is a fine Catholic scholar who will someday be a great Catholic scholar. When I was at College he was my professor of English literature and he taught me much. His word is gold, his friendship granite-staunch, and he will be so good to see. He named me poet, even when I had no song to sing, even when the wormwood rubbed along my lips; he is a namer, preacher and preserver of truth and beauty and I will take you to him before I turn to go away.

Into a crumbling Hill-cavern you pick your way. Hesitant wall-lights give a half-shadow to the up-snaking stairs.

Warmly he greets you. He is a meticulous and expansive host, but over in the South Terminal a giant, panting engine crouches in its shed, poised and ready to be gone.

How you love the wondrous, inviting rows of racked books. How well he knows them, and how sure and penetrative his speech.

You rest a glass of tangy amber, which he has given you, upon the bookcase. She is there prim and quietly obedient before his felling speech.

He is a lay priest of the vast and ancient Holy Roman Church; it is his rock, and his scholarship and love of beauty are firmly planted upon it.

Small-sweetly she listens to his words.

"Do you believe in mass Catholicism or do you believe in the Mass?" he asks her.

"Do you live the Catholic or the chaotic life?" he goes on.

Politely and quietly, she answers him, and prompted by the impalpable omniscience of woman-kind, she withdraws to the post of the good listener. Her answers are acquiescent noddings, as the bright silver pennies of orthodoxy are hurled about the room.

The hearth-fire grows erratically to a raucous yellow flower and bathes the study in a warming light.

The feel of strong-backed books is in your hands, but you know that, for you, there is no time for books, you know that it is the time of troops and only troops.

"What will you do," you ask the man of books and God, "what will you do?"

"What will I do, what will I do! Why, stay at my work of course, stay at my work."

"Reerly," this with a burst of indignation and a precipitate arching of the eyebrows. "I think its just about time we stop all this palsied preoccupation with draft boards and come to grips with the real problem. I mean to say that draft boards are only one phase of this satanic mess. As a matter of strict fact I'm one of the things you boys are fighting for."

He said it with the profound certitude of the intellect which to the spirit of Elihu Quicking was

the exact counterpart of physical and soldierly valor.

And among the many books, the endless pages mauled and bleared with finger pressings, and jungled over with illuminative pencilings, there were many great shapes, states and growths of intellect.

There was Sorokin and his vast cosmic certitudes; there were the *carpe diem* manifestos of Eric Gill. There was the wastelander poet with his earthy lyric vagueness and the silver image of the Lady shining through his murk. The Jesuit singer Hopkins was there, his pared and chiseled metaphysic smiting the intellect, his locked struggles with the senses; the bindings and lacings of his Keatsian wings were there on many a page. There were the mellow cynicisms of Housman, the thinly veiled satirical roister of Waugh. The old books were there, the grand master Shakespeare, *Piers Plowman* and the Walsingham Bishops, Chaucer and the *Beowulf*, all were there. All the nobility and imaginative genius of the true-gold, speech-given writers was there. But you must go away, go with the troops and leave the treasure-holding books behind you.

Down the Hill and through the place of benches, lawns and fountains you move, she by your side, a sweet articulate hush.

Down through the Boston ink abyss the troops are converging. They are converging upon the monster train shed whence they will be borne afar. Far from Boston and across all of America to the western shores they will go.

If the bullet-rain be withering, if the bomb fall, if the blood spatter, the troops will fight for scholars, hills and rivers; they will claw, gouge and throttle that other troops may look peacefully down upon the Boston night. That other quiet women may be there beside you on the storied Hill.

But it is eleven and the train must go.

You made her run because it was best that she should run from you, that you should not sit by the dingy window of the long steel car and look at her with the window and the war between you.

Then the brutish, unseating chain-snap of the cars. Everyone in a mix of collecting whatever could tumble, shift or roll because of the jar.

The train moving out of the great gray shed, and Boston blurring into night.

The slow roll, the inchmeal tread upon the two illimitable lines of thin-spun steel. The gathering, the slow gaining gather to a metric beat. And the night a black, impenetrable wind hurtling madly by.

With a slam and a screech, with a boisterous panting and caterwauling, the train which bears the troops is boring madly through the night.

But far from the furnace-flash and monster-rushing, there are the left-lovers kneeling simply by their beds.

The quiet, true-gold women are rustling their ever suppliant beads that the troops may come home again to Boston town. That the privates, sailors, ensigns and lieutenants may wander about the Hill and the river with their quiet, true-gold women forever and a day.

BOOKS

HOOSIER GLOBAL THINKING

ONE WORLD. By Wendell L. Willkie. Simon and Schuster. \$1

ANOTHER gun booms in support of the many books of the past few years fired for world cooperation. What he saw and heard on this journey reinforced Mr. Willkie in his belief that the United Nations, all of them, not a couple only, must form now, while fighting, definite principles and purposes of worldwide cooperation; that, if we wait, even if we win, we shall produce a more complete chaos than the ruins of the last peace. Mr. Willkie names names to indicate that intelligence and world vision are not the exclusive prerogatives of English-speaking statesmen.

Conservatives will probably denounce the author as a visionary radical and the "Left Wing" condemn him as reactionary. Mr. Willkie advocates definite dates established for the return of power in the colonial system to natives, administration meanwhile by the United Nations. He gives reason for the strength of Stalin's party in Russia, pointing out that the Communist Party, one-and-one-half per cent of the population, having destroyed the upper and middle classes, has bettered the lot of the present inhabitants, who had little before. At the same time he indicates plainly the absolutist character and ruthlessness of Russian administration.

Again, where he is enthusiastic in his treatment of China, he still attempts a balance. Inflation in China, with the printing presses rolling off paper money, too much and not enough, scandalizes to a degree the soul of this typical American corporation lawyer. He admits, too, that the Kuomintang is one among parties partially reconciled for the duration. But his admiration for the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek and his eagerness to send bundles of deeds rather than words to China is heartening to anyone who feels China is our most important friend for the future. When writing of our own country, Mr. Willkie, it is refreshing to note, is one of those who see America's gift in the world of thought, of ideas, not merely of production. He admits the Negro problem, anti-Semitism. His style is pungent, readable. The book is a rapid survey.

One of the closing chapters of the books recalls the rousing radio address Mr. Willkie gave us on his return. In this chapter he treats of the reservoir of good will of peoples all over the world toward the United States, of the dangerous leakage in that reservoir. The moral seems to be: let us define clearly what we are fighting for. The world looks on Americans as erect, fearless and outspoken. Let it not find us time-servers to expediency.

There are pages, to be sure, that leave a question or two in the reader's mind. On one such, when Mr. Willkie urges the re-creation of the small countries of Europe as political units, yes . . . as economic and military units, no, a worried reader may ask what, in that context, does "political" stand for. To be fair, it appears that Mr. Willkie may have had in mind the absence of tariff walls, customs duties, between the States of our own union. Again, when he tells us we must cooperate with Russia, right enough, but he does not assure us of complete Russian cooperation with us.

Confusion about postwar cooperation has arisen in the minds of many. Some citizens resentfully feel it means a dole for the world from their pockets or stores. To clear away such confusion we should distinguish sharply between the charity advocated by Herbert Hoover and others towards the starving, and the economic postwar international cooperation briefed by, for example, Wendell Willkie. The business man desires a *quid pro quo* basis. That China, for instance, should hire American

engineers, be granted credits to build roads and industrial centers, would create a future market for American goods, would facilitate exchange of real wealth. A few years ago, the Du Pont experts argued that America was self-sufficient. But a synthetic self-sufficiency is not an unmixed good in a world at peace.

HUGH M. MCCARRON

EDUCATION OF A WHITESKIN

THE FOREST AND THE FORT. By Hervey Allen. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50

MR. ALLEN plans in wide sweeps. This novel—and it is a fine yarn—is the first of a six-volume affair that will be entitled *The Disinherited*. I suppose there is some deep ideology behind such a plan with such a mystic title, but if all the other volumes are like this one, they will be read, not because they hold much of a thesis, but because they are just rattling good stories.

This story is all about Salathiel Albine—well, not quite all, though he is the hero—who presumably will be followed in the other books. It is mainly about the courage and doggedness of unsung Colonial officers and men, who held the obscure Indian outposts before the Revolution. One of these, Captain Ecuyer, who dreams of returning to genteel Geneva while fighting Indians and treachery and slovenliness in his own troops, is easily the finest character in the book.

However, Salathiel is nominally the hero. He had been captured by Indians as a youth, adopted into the tribe, educated later by a captured minister, escaped to Fort Pitt, became the Captain's valet, had all the adventures we expect in an Indian tale (including a few not too decent), accompanied the Captain on a check-up of the other outposts, where we are left with his remark, "the only way to see the future is to march into it and find out," apparently promising that we shall hear from him in the subsequent volumes.

The style is that of an admirable story-teller. There is a curious and apposite shift in the writing: depicting Albine's savage days—the sentences are simple, short, direct, as though mirroring his untutored mind; as he touches civilization and learns, the writing grows in polish. The descriptions are splendid, and though Mr. Allen can take his time over them, he packs the novel with plenty of vigor. If we must have gigantic novels (six volumes will give about 2,000 pages) Hervey Allen is one who does not get lost in the amplitude.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

TREATMENT OF THE REDSKINS

SPANISH COLONIZATION OF AMERICA. By Silvio Zavala. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$1.25

HERE is a striking book. The larger title reads: "New Viewpoints on the Spanish Colonization of America." It is indeed time for new viewpoints. Journalistic scribes from time to time issue best sellers on our neighbors to the South, reflecting in their pages the stodgy classroom texts that pour out repetitiously all the old canards now grouped under the heading of *La Leyenda Negra*. Spain in action is a crystalized concentrate of backwardness and villainy. And Spanish America repeats the tale, or suffers from it, depending on your current brand of ideology.

Zavala is an expert. His printed bibliography crowds the last page of his book, and his reputation throughout the Americas stands second to none in his field. If

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any doubt this sweeping approval, a glance at the 118 pages of this thin but sinewy volume will convert them.

The book is apparently an overview of the social problems encountered by the Spanish colonizers. A third of it relates to the justice of the conquest and the subsequent penetration of the New World. The treatment of the Indian receives five chapters. The book ends with an examination of a topic that will surprise many readers—the Spanish habit of experimentation with social problems until a final just solution is obtained.

In his approach, the author departs from his usual research style and offers a work of synthesis and interpretation. He realizes that "erudite works of a narrow scope are of interest to only a handful of specialists and seldom present the broad results of investigation." And so he has brought together the "results of these microscopic studies" to show the "larger pattern of knowledge and ideas to which each study has contributed." He stresses the social point of view. In doing this he points out certain errors in our nineteenth-century historians, who interpreted colonial times from predominantly political criteria. And, it might be added, he takes the ground out from under many present-day politicians who toss about the ancient diatribes against Spain to win the votes of the poor today.

The result is a highly readable account of some of the most intricate problems in Spanish colonial history. Probably the most interesting section is that which deals with Indian labor from the earliest times. He writes:

In summary, in the face of many obstacles, the system of colonial labor progressed from slavery, from unpaid personal services in lieu of tribute, from forced labor, and from debt peonage, toward a standard of free paid labor, that is, toward the economy common to the modern world.

Not that Zavala is a Progressivist. He writes what he sees in the record, and the record is a high tribute to the "Coming of the Spaniard." W. EUGENE SHIELS

TALES FROM THE RECTORY. By Francis Clement Kelley.

Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.25

EVERYBODY should read this book. It is a collection of short stories made out of a Priest's and a Bishop's rich experience with human beings, the deepest and truest experience in the world. If those who read this book would only give their attention to what is said, there would surely result from it the aimed-at "conquest of souls." What is said in this work is so golden that it makes what is said in most modern books seem surely a dreary, raw lead. So many authors have the craft to gild over what they saw, in a glittering encrustation of the way they say it, that we are taken in by a sure technique, and think that we hold a jewel before our eyes.

Nor is the way in which these wonderful sketches are made at all inferior to the best in the modern trade. The style is intimate, simple and crisp; it moves with celerity unburdened by a single superfluity. The author does not overwork or belabor his themes. Each moves rapidly to an interest, a suspense and a close. Each has a thousand overtones hinted at but never spoken. "The City and the World" is as glorious as anything you'll ever read; and "A Drop of Rain" as neat as anything that ever struck your mind. Just think: A Bishop, a Prelate of the Church, writing a bundle of knock-out, American short stories!

THOMAS B. FEENEY

GOOD-BYE, MY SON. By Marjorie Coryn. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$2.75

WHILE the Battle of Britain was being enacted overhead, Marjorie Coryn assembled the data she had acquired in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. The result is this very arresting fictionalized biography of Letizia Bonaparte. It is a little too long-drawn-out, perhaps, but of unusual interest nevertheless, for in its pages this forthright Corsican mother and her eight famous (sometimes infamous) children live again. Principally, it is the story of Napoleon, the second son; of the circumstances and influences that made of this frail, lonely lad a General at 24, Emperor of France at 35, and

caused him to die an exile on the tiny island of St. Helena at 52.

As though torn from the heart and soul of his mother, this dramatic defense of the child of destiny unfolds. Through her eyes we see him, not as a ruthless, cruel tyrant, but as a generous, affectionate son, a great military leader, a just ruler, a brave man, kind, considerate, forgiving—but very lonely always!

Letizia Bonaparte tells her story frankly, honestly and with great dignity. Never ambitious for herself, she says: "I am more than Empress—I am the mother of my son." Nothing he was, or became, no honor or position he attained ever surpassed his importance to her as her son.

The unforgettable climax of the book reaches great dramatic heights—Letizia, bidding farewell to Napoleon as he goes into exile, epitomizes the poignancy of the partings of mothers and sons all over the world today.

ANGELA C. O'HARA

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL. By James Hilton. Little, Brown and Co. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. \$1.50

ALTHOUGH it relates an actual episode in the life of Commander Corydon Wassell, U.S.N.R., Hilton's latest book is a portrait of a man rather than a war story.

The slow-going, kindly Arkansas doctor who won the Navy Cross for his uncommon fidelity to duty is not the stuff of which wartime heroes are usually made. He is perhaps Chipolan in his gentle diffidence, his acceptance of his own predilection to failure. Yet he managed to bring out of a Jap-threatened Dutch hospital in Java not only the wounded bodies but the gallant spirits of twelve American sailors placed in his charge.

This is a tenderly reassuring tale of the subordination of unhuman violence to human courage, set down with proper simplicity and wise omission of ponderous detail. It is doubtful, however, that *The Story of Dr. Wassell* is sufficiently forceful to constitute for the majority of its readers what it became for its author—"a spiritual experience."

ELIZABETH M. ODELL

A MINGLED CHIME: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50
THIS book has one conspicuous defect: it ends too soon. The author leaves off his story in 1924 to gather up the significant events of the succeeding years in a postscript—brief as all postscripts should be. The story of the life of one of the great orchestral conductors of the present day, it will be of primary interest to all who like good music; but there is, too, much good wit and telling anecdote, so much in fact that it will afford hours of pleasure to all who enjoy a good book.

A glance through the index will indicate that the author has something to say of all the great composers of the present day and of the past and of many of the great artists, too. His criticism is independent, personal, clearly expressed and at times profound. If he deplores the tendency of modern musical criticism to be obsessed with the technical competence of the artist to the detriment or neglect of the spiritual content of the music itself, it may be said that he avoids falling into the fault which he censures in others, as this example will evince (p. 155):

But when we listen to perfect beauty such as that of Mozart, it is impossible not to regret that with him there passed out of music a mood of golden serenity which has never returned. In *Così Fan Tutte*, the dying eighteenth century casts a backward glance over a period outstanding in European life for grace and charm and, averting its eyes from the view of a new age suckled in a creed of iconoclasm, sings its swan song in praise of a civilization that has passed away forever.

This is not merely good musical criticism but well-modulated English prose, typical of the style with which the book is written. Though music is the central theme—and here we have a history of opera, symphony and ballet in modern England—the author has much to say

"much salutary irritation—"

"There are some Catholics who will feel that Sister Mariella's selection are great and modern but not always Catholic in the sense that the word 'catholic' connotes reticence and idealization. Her book should provide much salutary irritation."

The reviewer for the Springfield CATHOLIC MIRROR from whom we quote (and will quote at greater length below) was quite right about the irritation! . . . In fact there has been so much discussion of the title that there has been a tendency to forget the stories in this superb collection. So, since Sister Mariella didn't like the title in the first place and accepted it under protest ("execrable" she called it) we have decided to re-issue the book under a new title:

THEY ARE PEOPLE

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and if you prefer that title, drop us a line and we will gladly mail you one of the new jackets. (The price remains the same, \$3.00.) But to return to what the reviewer in the CATHOLIC MIRROR said:

"The 'new' short story popularized by the O'Brien anthology and STORY MAGAZINE is now about fifteen years old. Since most of its early practitioners and admirers were found among literary radicals, a good many conservative readers have distrusted it so much that they have not bothered to estimate [the new story form] at its true value. Not so Sister Mariella Gable, O.S.B., professor of English at a prominent midwestern Catholic college for women.

"Sister Mariella introduces her twenty-three authors with as peppery an introduction as the reader will encounter in many a moon. 'Edification at the expense of truth is always a doubtful good. The stories collected in the present volume are true in the best sense of the word. They are collected here for the convenience and delight of Catholic readers who might otherwise miss them, and for discriminating readers everywhere . . . ' She regards the emergence of the new fiction as an important ally of Catholic literature, which has had in this country a very slow growth.

"'For the most part,' she writes, 'Catholic magazines are entirely innocent of this new distinguished fiction. They have sinned along with the "slicks" in catering to popular taste. The large circulation magazines, particularly the women's magazines, consistently print happy-ending stories that glorify romantic love. The Catholic magazines patronize the same mentality, with a subtle philosophy of life conspicuously more harmful. They seem to say: "If you say your prayers (especially if they are repeated nine successive days), if you are good and do the right things, then you shall have a job, succeed in your ambitions, be crowned with the good things of this world"—a kind of back-stairs entrance to materialism, particularly enticing because its easy steps are padded and comfortable with a righteous piety.'"

"A common denominator of all the stories is authenticity and punch. Perhaps the most provocative tale in the book is Morley Callaghan's *The Young Priest*. Sister Mary Francis' *A Nun's Diary* tells us exactly how a young and carefully brought up American girl feels and acts during a trying novitiate. Among the remaining selections Frank O'Connor's humorous *First Confession*, Geoffrey Household's picaresque *The Salvation of Pisco Gabor* and John Conley's psychological study of seminarians, *Memento*, are the best."

THE CATHOLIC MIRROR—December 1942.

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on many unrelated topics: there is a fine invective against that modern discovery, the gossip writer and the yellow press, whose function is so well summed up by one of its representatives: "We live on garbage." Not evidently occupied with eternal verities, and philosophically perhaps a skeptic, the author is urbane and witty, and what he says of himself and music is of interest to the critic, the student, and to all who crave good music.

RAYMOND M. O'PRAY

TUNIS EXPEDITION. By Darryl F. Zanuck. Random House. \$2

THIS personal diary of the North African campaign as Hollywood's former "Wonder Boy" knew it while supervising war films in his capacity of Signal-Corps Colonel is a vividly written, fast-paced human document that is as good as anything which has come from any working journalist in that theatre of war. Although Damon Runyon's foreword indulges in generous hyperbole about the author, Darryl Zanuck hardly needs to be a second Richard Harding Davis to hold his own. Right from the secretive take-off by air from England to Gibraltar and thence, on invasion day, to Algiers, Zanuck presents lively, concise and clean-cut narrative in a first-person style that is warm and moving. He proves himself a writer as observant, sensitive and pictorial as the medium of his stock-in-trade that made him famous.

Bombings, strafings, dogfights overhead and a constant awareness of death and near-death are the order of the day on his filming expedition from Algiers to within twenty miles of Tunis in the early days of the fighting. Zanuck prayed, too, and reiterates that there are no atheists in foxholes. Unfortunately, he didn't remember (and one can understand, if not condone it) that a vengeful, killing fury against the whole German people may be generated in the foxholes and roadways but should not be solidified in cold, calm print.

NATHANIEL W. HICKS

THE VOICE OF THE TRUMPET. By Robert Henriques. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2

THIS profound experience of an English Commando officer is hard to read and harder to understand. Essentially it is the story of a group of men on a Commando raid, who they were, how they happened to be there, and each one's spiritual reaction to physical circumstances. They have all heard the "voice of the trumpet" resounding through the quiet English countryside and, hating war, inwardly protesting, they have all answered the call.

Using words as his instruments as delicately as ever a surgeon used a knife, Smith, the captain, dissects for us a human soul, until it lies bare and quivering on the pages of a book. The result is more easily felt than described.

Seconds after the story opens, Smith is mortally wounded and cries out "not me! not me!" refusing to accept death. The book from then on is evidently meant to be the flashing, confused impressions of a dying man, who finally comes to understanding and acceptance and with his last breath cries: "Me you chose, and I am ready for oblivion."

The style shifts from prose to poetry and back again a great many times and suffers in the shifting. Mr. Henriques' prose has power, rhythm and beauty, and all are weakened by his poetry. In spite of that, he has given us a record which once read will not easily be forgotten.

ELIZABETH M. JOYCE

HUGH M. MCCARRON is professor of classics and director of the Adult Education program at Loyola College, Baltimore, Md.

THOMAS B. FEENEY is professor of English literature at Boston College. His poetry has appeared in AMERICA's columns.

RAYMOND M. O'PRAY is stationed at Saint Ignatius Loyola Church, New York. His special interest lies in music.

MUSIC

IT is unusual that New York should be supporting two ballet companies at one time. The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo will open an eleven-day season at the Broadway Theatre this week, while the Ballet Theatre will shortly conclude its engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. There are five ballerinas in America at present that represent the top-notch group. Slavenska is starting with the Ballet Russe. The critics have lavished superlatives upon Alicia Markova, the star of the Ballet Theatre. The glamorous Toumanova is in Hollywood making a motion picture, while Baronova has not been dancing this season because of illness. There has been no explanation why Danilova has not appeared with the Ballet Theatre, although the question has been brought up repeatedly.

I was present on the second night of the season when Igor Stravinsky conducted his own masterpiece, *Petrouchka*. Through the years this ballet has been manhandled artistically as well as musically. It encountered undeserved opposition from conservative quarters in the beginning, but now we are familiar with these bold vigorous harmonies and they seem "old hat" compared to some of the late ones that we have been compelled to listen to.

At this performance, the music and the conductor in the pit (although the orchestra was none too good) far overshadowed the dancing and choreography. For one thing, Adolph Bohm, who was the first to dance the Blackamoor in this country, returned in the role for the first time in more than a quarter of a century. He gave meaning and dramatic import to this part which had deteriorated into mere routine under other performers. Léonide Massine, having danced the leading role of *Petrouchka* with one company after another for a good many years, gave a particularly good performance. Lucia Chase gave a completely colorless presentation of *The Dancer*. Not being a truly gifted ballerina, her work is generally pale, and did not offset the *ensemble*, which was ragged and seemingly without rehearsal.

Maria Karnilova took over the Vera Zorina role in *Helen of Troy*, and her dancing was the best thing about this ballet. *Helen of Troy*, however, with music by Offenbach, is a complete mess from start to finish. There are a couple of amusing moments, brought about by Simon Semenov's Menelaus, King of Sparta, but the cast were far less serious about *Helen* than the audience. It is a pity that Fokine, who was commissioned to model a work on *La Belle Hélène* for the Ballet Theatre, did not live to execute it.

Anthony Tudor's treatment of the Ernest Chausson music brought forth *Lilac Garden*, with a violin solo—accompanied by the orchestra, which certainly furthered the cause of symphonic ballet. Tudor and Nora Kaye took two of the principal roles, which brings to mind the fact that one must be able to act as well as dance in order to project the subtle qualities of such ballets as *Lilac Garden*. Of the eight ballets that I saw, it came off the best. Here the orchestra, conducted by Antal Dorati, was fair; but the same conductor and the same orchestra, in Ravel's *Bolero*, sounded disgraceful. There were bad thematic entrances, off-key playing, and such poor rhythm that Argentinella, that clever portrayer of the Spanish idiom, was actually clapping out the correct rhythm.

Her work is too intimate for the large Metropolitan Opera stage, and is not ballet at all. What has become of tradition and audience discrimination?

This column has been prompted by an AMERICA correspondent from St. Louis. I would welcome the opportunity to answer other queries. ANNABEL COMFORT

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SONS AND SOLDIERS. The impressive group that is producing and acting Irwin Shaw's new play at the Morosco Theatre should be the best guarantee of its interest. No less a triumvirate than Max Reinhardt, Norman Bel Geddes and Richard Myers produced it. Mr. Reinhardt himself directed it, and Mr. Bel Geddes designed its setting. As if this were not enough for any audience, anywhere, the cast includes Geraldine Fitzgerald, Gregory Peck, Stella Adler, Herbert Rudley, Millard Mitchell and Leonard Sues, each featured in nice black letters just under the names of the producers. All of which means that here is a most unusual and arresting play which has not had the glad general acclaim it deserves, but which is fully worthy of our immediate and deep attention.

The story itself should interest every woman who has a child or who is about to have one. It is not, except at the finish, a tale of the present. It shows us the new technique by throwing its most important scenes twenty years or more into the future. The heroine, beautifully played by Miss Fitzgerald, is a pregnant wife who is warned by her doctors that she will probably die in giving birth to her child. She and the audience are thereupon shown a series of "flash forwards" in which the important crises of her coming son's life are revealed. There is inevitably some confusion in this system; but the scenes of *Sons and Soldiers* are on the whole both definite and appealing, especially to women, most of whom have the type of imagination which best follows the subject.

At the end of the play, the expectant mother has observed her son from his birth to his entrance into the second world war. She has also decided that his life, even with the mistakes he has made, is worth while, and she is ready to risk bearing him.

A play with such a plot and treatment calls for supremely good acting all along the line. In *Sons and Soldiers* it gets just that. To my mind Miss Fitzgerald's role, by far the most exacting, is also the best handled, though all the featured players are admirable. Miss Fitzgerald has amazing opportunities and extraordinary variety in her characterizations, and she rises to them both superbly.

If Miss Fitzgerald were not herself an actress of deep insight and understanding, and if she had not the assistance of a big group of expert players, I doubt if *Sons and Soldiers* could have survived. It had to be played exactly the way it is being played. Even so, it leaves many of its masculine spectators puzzled or indifferent or both. They don't quite "get it," and this is not surprising. Mr. Shaw, himself an artist, and his producers, and artists, do get it. But even some of our best critics seemed unconscious of the play's inner meaning. I hope—and believe—there are enough understanding women among us to give *Sons and Soldiers* the full appreciation and success it deserves. It has a new theme and a new treatment, both brilliantly handled.

SUMMER CHANGES. The coming summer promises to be a good one, both artistically and financially. Twenty-seven plays are on our stage as I write. Four of these will leave us, but we shall get on very nicely with the remaining twenty-three, and there will undoubtedly be newcomers to pass the hot months with us.

As to the departures, Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit* will close for the summer. *Dark Eyes* will also close, but only for a brief vacation. *Life With Father* is still going strong, but will have to get along without its hard-working stars, Mr. Lindsay and Miss Stickney. The same situation is forecast for *The Skin of Our Teeth*, which will temporarily lose Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

LADY OF BURLESQUE. Hollywood is truly in a bad way when it resorts to foisting Minsky-type entertainment on the movie-going public. In the past, a burlesque show was visited as the result of a person's own bad taste. Now every hamlet, every town across the length and width of the land will have this odoriferous intruder brought right onto the screens of their theatres. The film is a dull, unconvincing hodge-podge where would-be-mystery and suspense are continually hampered by the antics of burlesque queens, chorines and comics. No audience will really care how the backstage murders, that were created in a novel by the notorious Gypsy Rose Lee, are disentangled or solved. Sensational advertising plays up the objectionable burlesque atmosphere of this feature, and that is just what the production trades upon. Depiction of the characters behind the scenes and during their stage routines is sordid, suggestive stuff. Because the film contains double-meaning lines, salacious dances and situations and indecent costumes, presented against the background of a sensuous form of entertainment, it merits only *condemnation*. (United Artists)

ABOVE SUSPICION. So many things have happened since the Fall of 1939 and, because the scene of this story is set in Europe during that Summer before the war, the production lacks the force and often the reality that it might have achieved in earlier days. However, for those who delight in espionage melodrama, here is something definitely to your taste. Joan Crawford and Fred MacMurray are a honeymooning couple from England who become involved with Nazi agents and spies because of a request from the British Foreign Office. An implausible chain of events leads them toward their goal—information about a German-invented magnetic mine. Along the way, though, there is excitement, some suspense and an interesting use of music in the plot's development. The actors all do a passable job of convincing in their not always convincing roles, with Conrad Veidt and Basil Rathbone helping considerably. *Adults* who do not demand that every thread must be unraveled will find this spy story diverting. (MGM)

DR. GILLESPIE'S CRIMINAL CASE. Counterplots pile up on each other with so much speed in this latest chronicle of Dr. Gillespie's crowded life that an audience may be too worn out to separate them. Besides it may never seem quite worthwhile. Faithful followers of this series may be interested in the continued rivalry of the irascible old surgeon's two young assistants. This angle furnishes the only light moments in the presentation. Linking up a past episode, the doctor again becomes dangerously involved with a murderer who went to the penitentiary instead of an insane asylum. An erysipelas epidemic in the children's ward provides some opportunities for sentimentalizing. And finally the treatment of a war veteran, who lost his legs as a result of Pearl Harbor, demands psychological understanding as well as medical aid. Pieced together, these individual stories make a somewhat random composite. Lionel Barrymore carries on in his familiar role. This is passable but unimpressive drama for *grown-ups*. (MGM)

ALL BY MYSELF. Patric Knowles, Evelyn Ankers, Rosemary Lane and Neil Hamilton find themselves very much entangled in a maze of love affairs. A clinging vine and a career girl have a series of mix-ups over one man, but eventually get themselves straightened out and married happily. The picture is only *mediocre* entertainment and is *objectionable* morally for it reflects the acceptability of divorce. (Universal)

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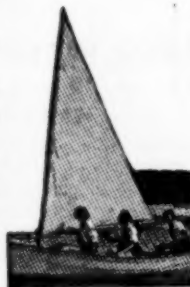
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CORRESPONDENCE

MINERS' EARNINGS

EDITOR: Mr. H. C. McGinnis, in taking his readers through a day in the coal mines, in *AMERICA* of May 15, says that a miner "will load from five to ten tons daily, depending upon the quantity of deadwork," for which the miner gets 87 cents a ton for the coal and an "infinitesimal sum" for the deadwork, and then he proceeds to make deductions from the "around \$7" gross daily wage.

We ask Mr. McGinnis to tell us what is the average pay of the loader after all his cuts are deducted.

Here are some figures given out on May 7, 1943, by the Inland Steel Company which operates a coal mine at Wheelwright, Kentucky, and this particular coal mine is typical of the mines in Eastern Kentucky.

There were twenty-four working days in February when work was available for all men who desired to work. We employed on straight day-rate in February 783 men in eight classifications. The lowest-paid group, consisting of sixty-three men, were employed at surface labor outside the mine, and a full-time worker received \$156 for the month. The lowest-paid group who worked inside the mine contained 165 men, and for full-time received \$175. The highest-paid group received \$234. The average of all men working day-rate and full time was \$183.

We employed 429 coal-loaders in February. Their job is to shovel coal into the mine cars. They are on a piece-work basis. Only sixty-nine out of the 429 worked the full twenty-four days. They earned an average of \$10.72 per day or \$257.28 for the month. 360 of the coal-loaders worked less than full time. They averaged only nineteen days per man. But on that basis they earned an average of \$178.98 for the month.

Another coal occupation in a coal mine is that of "machine man." He operates the machines that cut the coal ahead of loading. We employed forty-one such machine operators in February. Only six of these men worked the full twenty-four days. They earned an average of \$16.90 per day or \$405.60 for the month. Individual earnings of such men varied from \$323.10 to \$505.52 for the month. The other thirty-five machine operators averaged only fifteen days of work apiece, and still earned \$236.70 for the month.

It is true that the miner has to set his posts, lay his track, have his coal shot down, remove slate up to five inches in thickness (not twelve as Mr. McGinnis says is the case in Pennsylvania) for nothing. It is just as true to say that the coal loader makes 87 cents in less than seven minutes, the time it takes him to shovel a ton of coal into his car after the work of preparation is completed. The writer has a coal-loader friend who made over \$3,600 in 1942, working thirty-five hours a week except for two weeks in which he worked forty-two hours each.

The coal miner works seven hours a day instead of eight because it takes an average of one hour to get into and out of the mine in Eastern Kentucky.

Wheelwright, Kentucky

EASTERN KENTUCKIAN

EDITOR: Mr. H. C. McGinnis, in his very interesting article, *Portal to Portal* (May 15, 1943), says nothing of the mine operators' contention that the present wage-scale was explicitly intended to include compensation for the trips within the portal, to and from the working face. What is your writer's information regarding the authenticity of the letter to that effect, cited by the Southern Coal Producers Association as having been

signed by Earl E. Houck, Director of the Legal Department of the United Mine Workers of America, July 9, 1940, and sent to Col. Phillip B. Fleming, Administrator of the Wage-and-Hour Division of the Labor Department?

Mr. McGinnis several times remarks that miners share in the company's operating costs, but never in the profits. What is his information regarding the profits of the coal industry in question during these twelve or fifteen years? Employers frequently refuse to join in our Catholic discussions of industrial conditions because they feel that we have prejudged the issues; but perhaps we have not done so in this instance.

Detroit, Mich.

J. E. COOGAN, S.J.

CATHOLIC CHILD POPULATION

EDITOR: In the 1941 *World Almanac*, which is the latest copy I have at hand, I find on page 857 that of 21,403,136 Catholics listed in the United States, only 2,108,892 are children. For purposes of comparison with the figures for the entire population of any or no religious affiliation, I assume that the children listed will be between the ages of five and fifteen, since they were listed as attending church.

On page 508 of the same volume I find that in 1930 the total population of fifteen years and older was 86,624,148, and that the total population under fifteen was 36,056,876. From the latter figure I subtract 11,444,390, the number of children under five that year, obtaining 24,612,486 for the number of children between the ages of five and fifteen.

Turning back to page 857, I find that in the year 1930 the total Catholic population was listed as 20,203,702 and the children attending church as 2,248,571. Hence I reckon that the children attending church are about one-tenth of the Catholic population in 1940, though in 1930 it was about eleven per cent. By way of contrast it appears that the proportion of children between the ages of five and fifteen in the country as a whole is about twenty-eight per cent. Making all reasonable allowances, it seems to me that these figures are still most alarming. I am requesting you to publish this letter so that, if there is an explanation, I may find it in your columns, but, if things are really as bad as these figures would indicate, the attention of thinking Catholics may be called to an appalling evil.

Momence, Ill.

A. CYRIL BATES, C.M.F.

VANISHING GRANDMOTHER

EDITOR: This is about grandmothers. Genus, old-fashioned; type extinct. I refer to the kind of grandmother I remember, and you too remember, if you are my age.

She wore a black pure wool shawl and a bonnet to match, with ribbons tied primly under her chin. At the age of fifty-five she boasted of being old. Her entire life was spent in the service of her loved ones. She washed on Monday, did the ironing Tuesday, finished the fussy pieces Wednesday, visited on Thursday—unless there was too high a pile of mending staring at her from the sewing-basket—cleaned on Friday, baked bread and cookies Saturday because "the grandchildren were coming" on Sunday. Today she must be termed the vanished grandmother.

The modern grandmother has only begun to live at sixty. One passes her on almost every thoroughfare. Sometimes she wears a perky doo-dad she calls a hat, like a blinder over one eye. Frequently she is in uniform.

For her to donate a smile to an interested passer-by would be out-and-out treason to Uncle Sam, so completely is she disciplined. She is out of the home and into the army . . . which is literally out of the frying-pan into the fire! Her grandchildren are forgotten men. Patriotic service is the order of her life. Commendable, too, unless used as camouflage for flaunting of the modern ego. But be the foregoing, whatever it may, "true or false," the fact remains that the old-fashioned grandmother is out for the duration.

The children, of course, do not know what they are missing. Nor do they care. Sunday is no longer the family visiting day. It is movie day. There is always a "swell picture" just around the corner—notwithstanding the judgment of the Legion of Decency to the contrary! But sometimes, being old enough to retrospect, I sit down and remember home-made bread and crisp cookies served by a precious grandmother who found happiness—believe it or not—devoting her life to her children and to their children, who somehow were not just half, but doubly hers.

Flushing, L. I.

MARIE DUFF

NO READERS, NO WRITERS

EDITOR: We all agree that Catholic writers are essential parts of Catholic Action. But they must be kept going by Catholic readers and in the small, but exceedingly fine, output of the last few years such readers have not materialized.

Take for example Arnold Lunn's inimitable *Now I See*. Young people adore it and it should be in all our training camps, but it is out of print "for the duration" because even a fifty-cent copy did not tempt Catholics to read an outstanding Catholic book.

Then Laros' very fine work *Confirmation in the Modern World*, which is the book for the Sword-of-the-Spirit movement, is out of print. And Rosalind Murray's matchless *Good Pagan's Failure* is out of print.

This lack of support would discourage publishers if they were not such fine sports, and it necessarily handicaps young writers who must always count on being politely ignored. It is unfortunate that we cannot get the kind of publicity needed for best or even good sellers in the secular press. But why should outsiders bother if we are indifferent? The tragedy is that the Anti-God front profits by every able Catholic book that goes out of print.

Washington, D. C.

A. S.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

EDITOR: I have just finished reading the life of George Washington Carver, and I feel sure that one cannot read the biography without emotion. Quite outside of his extraordinary genius and creative ability was his true conception of a Christian, a spirit of humility that suggested sanctity. He never resented brutal treatment; he took all insults quietly and calmly; and I feel sure that in his great nature he felt only pity for those who treated him with contempt. He rose at four o'clock in the morning, praying for his inspiration, in the woods.

Let us hope that the book will have its effect on the minds of intelligent people, and open their hearts to the wrongs of the colored race.

New York, N. Y.

ALICE E. WARREN

BOUQUET

EDITOR: Congratulations on your Editorial, Mr. Brown Hedges, AMERICA, May 8.

When, if ever, will our public officials understand that ours is, among other things supposed to be a "government for the people," and not for the pressure groups?

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PARADE

MILITARY life contributed new social phenomena. . . . In Florida, an Army lieutenant sued a sergeant for divorce. The lieutenant, a wife, sought the divorce on the grounds that her sergeant-husband was jealous of her superior military rank, and that his jealousy constituted extreme cruelty. . . . A soldier in Idaho, annoyed by a slight cold, obtained a copy of Form 52 so that he could gain entrance into the dispensary for treatment. He secured the signatures of the proper officials on the form and was put to bed. The following day he learned that Form 52 is a death certificate. . . . In North Carolina, soldiers, after building a walkover bridge, placed the following sign on it: "Vehicles and Corporal William A. Dell are not allowed on this bridge." The corporal weighs in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds. . . . A tendency toward condensation was noticed. . . . In Colorado, Llleieusszqueusszszesz Willihiminlzzissiteizii Hurrizzesstuzzi, a Slamese, had his name changed to Leo Ward. . . . Legal precedents continued being made. . . . A California court decreed that turning a horse out to pasture automatically reduces alimony. A divorced woman, having received the custody of two horses and the award of twenty dollars a month alimony for their maintenance, saw the twenty dollars shrink to seven dollars a month when her ex-husband's lawyers learned about the horses being put to pasture. . . . New causes for near-riots continued developing. . . . A lady drove from her farm to New York, with fourteen dressed chickens decorating the back seat of her sedan. Her purpose was to give the chickens as gifts to relatives. . . . When her sedan paused for traffic at a busy New York corner, pedestrians spied the chickens. Soon a throng of housewives surrounded the sedan, clamoring for the fowl. The throng increased; mounted police drove into it, arrested the lady for causing a disturbance. Said the judge admonishing her: "Don't you know you can cause a riot in New York with a load of chickens or potatoes? Next time you come to town, put the chickens in shoe boxes so shoppers can't see them."

New causes for demolishing houses also appeared. . . . A Connecticut man saw a rat pick up his false teeth and disappear behind woodwork. He ripped up two floors of his three-story house without discovering rat or teeth, began ripping up the third floor. . . . A New Jersey gentleman noticed that a cat was keeping him awake at night with her howls. He decided the cat was between the walls of his house, and commenced making holes in the walls, placing salmon and milk in each hole. The salmon and milk disappeared, but no cat was caught. The man took the roof ventilators off, with no result. He placed the salmon and milk outside the holes in the walls. The salmon and milk vanished, but the cat was not apprehended. Finally, the man announced he would have the house torn down and rebuilt without any cat between the walls. . . . The instability of some spouses was demonstrated. In Pittsburgh, a divorce-seeking husband testified that his wife left him despite the fact that he did the washing and kept the house clean. He added that just before leaving she threw an alarm clock and a shoe at him.

A stampede for divorce shook Kansas City during the week. . . . The judge who ordinarily handles such cases was forced to borrow the services of six other judges, so great was the rush. . . . On three floors of the courthouse, marriages were broken up at the rate of one every five minutes during one whole day. . . . The number of cases on the current court-term docket reached an all-time peak. . . . Said one lawyer; "Women are earning their own living nowadays, you know." . . . Said Christ: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

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